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THE RENEGADO,

A TRAGÆCOMEDIE.

As it hath beene often acted by the Queenes Maieſties ſeruants, at the priuate Play-houſe in *Drurye-Lane.*

By PHILIP MASSINGER.

LONDON,
Printed by *A. M.* for *Iohn Waterſon,* and are to be ſold at the *Crowne* in *Pauls Church-Yard.* 1630.

Dramatis Personæ.	The Actors names.
ASAMBEG, *Viceroy of* Tunis.	Iohn Blanye.
MVSTAPHA, *Bassha of* Aleppo.	Iohn Sumner.
VITELLI, *A Gentelman of* Venice *disguis'd.*	Michael Bowier.
FRANCISCO, *A Iesuite.*	William Reignalds.
ANTHONIO GRIMALDI *the* Renegado.	William Allen.
CARAZIE *an Eunuch.*	William Robins.
GAZET *seruant to* Vitelli.	Edward Shakerley.
AGA.	
CAPIAGA.	
MASTER.	
BOTESVVAINE.	
SAYLORS.	
IAILOR.	
3. TVRKES.	
DONVSA, *neece to* AMVRATH.	Edward Rogers.
PAVLINA, *Sister to* Vitelli.	Theo. Bourne.
MANTO, *seruant to* Donusa.	

TO THE RIGHT HONOVRABLE GEORGE HARDING, Baron *Barkley*, of *Barkley* Caſtle, and Knight of the Honourable Order of the BATHE.

My good Lord.

TO be Honoured for old Nobility, or Hereditary Titles is not alone proper to your Selfe, but to ſome few of your rancke, who may challenge the like priuiledge with you: but in our age to vouchſafe (as you haue often done) a ready hand to rayſe the deiected ſpirits of the contemned Sonnes of the Muſes, Such as would not ſuffer the glorious fire of Poeſie to be wholly extinguiſhed, is ſo remarkable, and peculiar to your Lordſhip, that with a full vote, and ſuffrage it is acknowledged, that the Patronage, and Protection of the Dramatique Poem, is yours, and almoſt without a riuall. I deſpayre not therefore, but that my ambition to preſent my ſeruice in this kinde, may in your clemency meete with a gentle interpretation. Confirme it my good Lord in

Your gracious acceptance of this trifle, in which if I were not confident there are ſome peeces worthy the peruſall, it ſhould haue beene taught an humbler flight, and the writer (Your Countrey-man) neuer yet made happy in your notice, and fauour, had not made this an aduocate to plead for his admiſsion among ſuch as are wholy, and ſincerely deuoted to your ſeruice. I may liue to tender my humble thankefulneſſe in ſome higher ſtrayne, and till then comfort my ſelfe with hope, that you deſcend from your height to receiue.

Your Honours

Commanded Seruant.

PHILIP MASSINGER.

To my Honourd Friend, Master PHILIP MASSINGER, *upon his* RENEGADO.

DAbblers in *Poetry* that onely can,
Court this weake *Lady*, or that *Gentleman*,
with some loose witt in *rime*;
others that fright the *time*.
Into beliefe with mighty words, that teare
a Passage through the eare;
or *Nicer* men,
That through a Perspectiue wil see a *Play*,
and vse it the wrong way,
(not worth thy *Pen*)
Though all their Pride exalt 'em, cannot bee
Competent Iudges of thy *Lines* or *thee*.

I must confesse I haue no Publike name
To rescue iudgement, no *Poeticke* flame
to dresse thy Muse with *Praise*,
and *Phœbus* his owne *Bayes*;
Yet I commend this *Poem*, and dare tell
the *World* I lik'd it well,
and if there bee
A *tribe*, who in their *Wisedomes* dare accuse,
this offspring of thy *Muse*,
let them agree,
Conspire one *Comedy*, and they will say
Tis easier to *Commend*, then make a *Play*.

IAMES SHIRLEY.

To his worthy Friend Master PHILIP MASSENGER, on his Play, Call'd the RENEGADO.

THE bosome of a friend cannot breath foorth
A flattering phraſe to ſpeake the noble Worth
Of him that hath lodg'd in his honeſt breſt,
So large a title: I among the reſt
That honour thee, doe onely ſeeme to prayſe
Wanting the flowers of Art, to decke that Bayes
Merit has crown'd thy Temples With. Know friend
Though there are ſome Who meerely doe commend
To liue i'th Worlds opinion ſuch as can
Cen ure With Iudgement, no ſuch peece of Man,
Makes vp my ſpirit; where deſert doe's liue,
There will I plant my Wonder, and there giue
My beſt indeauours, to build vp his ſtory
That truely Merits. I did euer glory
To behold Vertue rich, 'though cruell Fate
In ſcornefull malice doe's beate low their ſtate
That beſt deſerue, When others that but know
Onely to ſcribble, and no more, of't grow
Greate in their fauours, that Would ſeeme to bee
Patrons of Witt, and modeſt Poeſie:
Yet With your abler Friends, let me ſay this
Many may ſtriue to equall you, but miſſe
Of your fayre ſcope, this Worke of yours men may
Throw in the face of enuy, and then ſay
To thoſe that are in Great-mens thoughts more bleſt,
Imitate this, And call that Werke your beſt.
Yet Wiſe-men, in this and too often, erre
When they their loue before the Worke preferre,
If I ſhould ſay more, ſome may blame me for't
Seeing your merits ſpeake you, not report.

DANYEL LAKYN.

THE RENEGADO.

The Scene *Tunis.*

Actus primus. Scena prima.

Enter Vitelli and *Gazet.*

Vitelli.

You haue hirde a Shop then?

Gazet. Yes sir, and our wares
(Though brittle as a maydenhead at fixteene)
Are safe vnladen; not a Christall crackt,
Or China dish needs sodring; our choice Pictures
As they came from the workeman, without blemish,
And I haue studied speeches for each Peece,
And in a thrifty tone to sell 'em off;
Will sweare by *Mahomet*, and *Termagant*,
That this is Mistris to the great Duke of *Florence*,
That Neece to old King *Pippin*, and a third
An *Austrian* Princesse by her Roman nose,
How ere my conscience tels me they are figures
Of Bawdes, and common Courtezans in *Venice*.

Vitel. You make no ſcruple of an oath then?
Gaz. Fie ſir
'Tis out of my Indentures, I am bound there
To ſweare for my Maſters profit as ſecurely
As your intelligencer muſt for his Prince,
That ſendes him forth an honourable ſpie
To ſerue his purpoſes. And if it be lawfull
In a *Chriſtian* ſhopkeeper to cheate his father,
I cannot find but to abuſe a Turke
In the ſale of our commodities, muſt bee thought
A meritorious worke.
Vitel. I wonder ſirra
What's your Religion?
Gaz. Troth to anſwere truely
I would not be of one that ſhould command mee
To feed vpon poore Iohn, when I ſee Pheaſants
And Partriges on the Table: nor doe I like
The other that allowes vs to eate fleſh
In the Lent though it be rotten, rather then bee
Thought ſuperſtitious, as your zealous Cobler,
And learned botcher Preach at *Amſterdam*
Ouer a Hotchpotch. I would not be confin'd
In my beliefe, when all your Sects, and ſectaries
Are growne of one opinion, if I like it
I will profeſſe my ſelfe, in the meane time
Liue I in *England*, Spaine, *France*, *Rome*, *Geneua*.
I am of that Countryes faith,
Vitel. And what in *Tunis*,
Will you turne Turke heere?
Gaz. No! ſo I ſhould looſe
A Collop of that part my *Doll* inioyn'd mee
To bring home as ſhe left it, tis her venture,
Nor dare I barter that commoditie
Without her ſpeciall warrant.
Vitel. You are a Knaue ſir,
Leauing your Roguerie thinke vpon my buſineſſe,

It is no time to foole now
Remember where you are too! though this Mart time,
Wee are allowde free trading, and with safetie.
Temper your tongue and meddle not with the Turkes,
Their manners, nor Religion.
Gaz. Take you heede sir
What colours you weare. Not two houres since there Lan-
An *English Pirats* Whore with a greene apron, (ded
And as she walk't the streets, one of their Mufties
Wee call them *Priests* at *Venice*, with a Razor
Cutts it of Petticoate, Smocke and all, and leaues her
As naked as my Nayle: the young *Frie* wondering
What strange beast it should be. I scap't a scouring
My Mistres Buskepoynt, of that forbidden coloure
Then tyde my codpeece, had it beene discouer'd
I had beene caponde.
Vitel. And had beene well seru'd;
Haste to the Shoppe and set my Wares in order
I will not long be absent?
Gaz. Though I striue sir
To put of Melencholy, to which, you are euer
Too much inclinde, it shall not hinder me
With my best care to serue you *Exit Gaz.*

Enter Francisco.

Vitel. I beleeue thee.
O wellcome sir, stay of my steppes in this life,
And guide to all my blessed hopes heereafter.
What comforts sir? haue your indeauours posper'd?
Haue wee tirde *Fortunes* malice with our sufferings?
Is she at length after so many frownes
Pleas'd to vouchafe one cheerefull looke vpon vs?
Fran. You giue too much to fortune, and your passions,
Ore which a wise man, if Religious, tryumphs.
That name fooles worship, and those tyrants which
Wee arme against our better part, our reason,
May add, but neuer take from our afflictions:

Vitelli. Sir as I am a ſinfull man, I can not
But like one ſuffer.
Fran. I exacte not from you
A fortitude inſenſible of calamitie,
To which the Saint's themſelues haue bowde and ſhowne
They are made of fleſh, and bloud, all that I challenge
Is manly patience. Will you that vvere train'd vp
In a Religious Schoole, where diuine maximes
Scorning compariſon, vvith morall precepts
Were daily taught you, beare your conſtancies triall
Not like *Vitelli*, but a Village nurſe
With curſes in your mouth: Teares in your eyes?
Hovv poorely it ſhowes in you?
Vi. I am School'd ſir,
And will heereafter to my vtmoſt ſtrength
Studie to bee my ſelfe.
Fran. So ſhall you find mee
Moſt ready to aſſiſt you; Neither haue I
Slept in your greate occaſions ſince I left you
I haue beene at the Viceroies Court and preſde
As far as they allovve a *Chriſtian* entrance,
And ſomething I haue learn't that may concerne
The purpoſe of this iourney.
Vi. Deere Sir vvhat is it?
Fran. By the command of *Aſambeg*, the Viceroy:
The Cittie ſwels vvith barbarous Pompe and Pride
For the entertainement of ſtout *Muſtapha*
The *Baſha* of *Aleppo*, vvho in perſon
Comes to receiue the neece of *Amurah*
The fayre *Donuſa* for his bride.
Vitel. I find not
Hovv this may profit vs.
Fran. Pray you giue mee leaue.
Among the reſt that vvayte vpon the Viceroy,
(Such as haue vnder him command in *Tunis.*)
Who as you haue often heard are all falſe *Pirats*,

I ſavv the ſhame of *Venice* and the ſcorne
Of all good men : The periurde *Renegado*
Antono Grimaldy ;
Vitel. Ha ! his name
Is poyſon to mee.
Fran. Yet againe?
Vitel. I haue done ſir.
Fran. This debauchde villaine: whom we euer thought,
(After his impious ſcorne done in Saint *Markes*
To me as I ſtood at the holy Altar)
The theefe that rauiſh't your fayre ſiſter from you,
The vertuous *Paulina* not long ſince,
(As I am truely giuen to vnderſtand)
Sold to the viceroy a fayre *Chriſtian* Virgin,
On whom, maugre his fierce and cruell nature
Aſambeg dotes extreamely.
Vitel. Tis my ſiſter :
It muſt be ſhee, my better *Angell* tells me
Tis poore *Paulina*. Farewell all diſguiſes
Ile ſhow in my reuenge that I am Noble.
Fran. You are not mad?
Vitel. No ſir, my vertuous anger
Makes euery veyne an arterie, I feele in mee
The ſtrength of twenty men, and being arm'd
With my good cauſe to wreake wrong'd innocence
I dare alone run to the viceroys Court
And with this Ponyard before his face.
Digge out *Grimaldies* heart.
Fran. Is this Religious?
Vitel. Would you haue me tame now ; Can I know
my ſiſter
Mewde vp in his *Serraglio*, and in danger
Not alone to looſe her honour, but her ſoule,
The hell-breed Villaine by too? that has ſold both
To blacke deſtruction, and not haſte to ſend him
To the Deuill his tutor? to be patient now,

Vitelli. Sir as I am a ſinfull man, I can not
But like one ſuffer.
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Not alone to looſe her honour, but her ſoule,
The hell-breed Villaine by too? that has ſold both
To blacke deſtruction, and not haſte to ſend him
To the Deuill his tutor? to be patient now,

Wherein another name to play the Pandor
To the Viceroyes looſe embraces, and cry aime
While he by force, or flaterie compels her
To yeeld her fayre name vp to his foule luſt,
And after turne *Apoſtata* to the faith
That ſhe was breed in.

Fran. D'oe but giue me hearing.
And you ſhall ſoone grant how ridiculous
This childiſh fury is. A wiſe man neuer
Attempts impoſſibilities; 'tis as eaſie
For any ſingle arme to quell an Army,
As to effect your wiſhes; we come hither
To learne *Paulinas* faith, and to redeeme her,
(Leaue your reuenge to heauen) I oft haue tould you
Of a Relique that I gaue her, which has power
(If we may credit holy mens traditions)
To keepe the owner free from violence:
This on her breaſt ſhe weares, and does preſerue
The vertue of it by her daily prayers.
So if ſhe fall not by her owne conſent
Which it were ſinne to thinke: I feare no force.
Be therefore patient, keepe this borrowed ſhape
Till time and opertunitie preſent vs
With ſome fit meanes to ſee her, which perform'd,
Ile ioyne with you in any deſperate courſe
For her deliuery.

Vitel. You haue Charmde me ſir
And I obey in all things; Pray you pardon
The weakeneſſe of my paſſion.

Fran. And excuſe it.
Be cheerefull man for know that good intents
Are in the end Crownd with as fayre euents.

Exeunt.

Actus

Enter Donusa. Manto. Carazie.

Donusa. Haue you seene the *Christian* Captiue,
The great Basha is so enamourd of?
Manto. Yes an't please your Excellency
I tooke a full view of her, when shee vvas
Presented to him.
Donu. And is she such a wonder
As tis reported?
Mant. She was drown'd in teares then,
Which tooke much from her beautie, yet in spite
Of sorrow, shee appeard the Mistresse of
Most rare perfections; and though low of stature,
Her well proportion'd limbes inuite affection;
And when she speakes, each syllable is musique
That does inchaunt the hearers. But your Highnesse
That are not to be parallelde, I yet neuer
Beheld her equall.
Donusa. Come you flatter me,
But I forgiue it, we that are borne great
Seldome distast our seruants, though they giue vs
More then wee can pretend too. I haue heard
That *Christian* Ladies liue with much more freedome
Then such as are borne heere. Our iealous Turkes
Neuer permit their faire wiues to be seene
But at the publique *Bannias*, or the Mosques
And euen then vaylde, and garded. Thou *Carazie*
Wert borne in England, what's the custome there
Among your women? Come be free and merry
I am no seuere Mistres, nor hast thou met with
Aheauie bondage.
Car. Heauie? I was made lighter
By two stone waight at least to be fit to serue you. But

But to your queſtion Madame, women in England
For the moſt part liue like *Queenes*. Your Countrey Ladies
Haue libertie to hauke, to hunt, to feaſt:
To giue free entertainement to all commers,
To talke, to kiſſe, there's no ſuch thing knowne there
As an Italian girdle. Your *Cittie Dame*
Without leaue weares the breeches, has her husband
At as much command as her Prentice, and if need be
Can make him Cuckold by her *Fathers Coppie*.

Donuſa. But your court Lady?

Car. She, I aſſure you Madame,
Knowes nothing but her will, muſt be allovv'd
Her Foot-men, her Caroch, her Vſhers, her Pages,
Her Doctor, Chaplines, and as I haue heard
They are growne of late ſo learn'd that they maintaine
A ſtrange Poſition, which their Lords with all
Their witt cannot confute.

Donuſa. What's that I prethee?

Car. Marry that it is not onely fit but lavvfull,
Your Madame there, her much reſt, and high feeding
Duely conſidered, ſhould to eaſe her husband
Bee allow'd a priuate friend. They haue drawne a Bill
To this good purpoſe, and the next aſſembly
Doubt not to paſſe it.

Donu. Wee enioy no more
That are of the *Otheman* race, though our Religion
Allovves all pleaſure. I am dull, ſome *Muſicque*
Take my *Chiapines* off. So, a luſtie ſtraine (*a Galliard*.
Who knockes there?

Manto. Tis the Baſha of *Aleppo*
Who humbly makes requeſt he may preſent
His ſeruice to you.

Donu. Reach a chaire. Wee muſt
Receiue him like our ſelfe, and not depart vvith
One peece of Ceremonie, State, and greatneſſe
That may beget reſpecte, and reuerence

In

In one that's borne our Vaſſall. Now admit him:

Enter Muſtapha, puts of his yellow Pantophles.

Muſta. The place is ſacred, and I am to Enter
The roome where ſhe abides, with ſuch deuotion
As Pilgrims pay at *Mecha*, when they viſit
The Tombe of our great Prophet.

Donu. Riſe, the ſigne (*The Eunuch takes vp*
That wee vouchaſe his preſence. *the Pantophles.*

Muſta. May thoſe Powers
That raiſ'd the *Othoman Empire*, and ſtill gard it,
Reward your Highneſſe for this gratious fauour
You throwe vpon your ſeruant. It hath pleaſde
The moſt invincible, mightieſt *Amurath*
(To ſpeake his other titles would take from him)
That in himſelfe does comprehend all greatneſſe,
To make me the vnworthy inſtrument
Of his command Receiue diuineſt Lady (*Deliuers a letter.*
This letter ſign'd by his victorious hand,
And made *Authenticq*, by the imperiall Seale.
There when you find me mention'd, far be it from yo
To thinke it my ambition to preſume
At ſuch a happineſſe, which his povverfull will
From his great minds magnificence, not my merit
Hath ſhowrd vpon mee. But if your conſent
Ioyne with his good opinion and allovvance
To perfit vvhat his fauors haue begun,
I ſhall in my obſequiouſneſſe and dutie
Endeuour to preuent all iuſt complaints,
Which want of will to ſerue you, may call on mee.

Donu. His ſacred Maieſtie writes here that your valour
Againſt the *Perſian* hath ſo vvonne vpon him
That there's no grace, or honour in his guift
Of which he can imagine you vnworthy.
And what's the greateſt you can hope, or aime at,
It is his pleaſure you ſhould be receiu'd
Into his Royall Familie. Prouided

For ſo far I am vnconfind, that I
Affect and like your perſon. I expect not
The Ceremonie which he vſes in
Beſtowing of his Daughters, and his neeces.
As that he ſhould preſent youfor my ſlaue,
To loue you, if you pleaſde me: or deliuer
A Ponyarde on my leaſt diſlike to kill you.
Such tyrannie and pride agree not with
My ſo ter diſpoſition. Let it ſuff ce
For my fi ſt anſwer, that thus far I grace you. *Giues him*
Hereafter ſome time ſpent to make enquire *her hand to*
Of the good parts, and faculties of your mind *kiſſe*
You ſhall heare further from mee.

Muſ. Though all torments
Really ſuffer'd, or in hell imaginde
By curious fiction, in one houres delay
Are wholy comprehended: I confeſſe
That I ſtand bound in dutie, not to checke at
What euer you command, or pleaſe to impoſe
For triall of my patience.

Donu. Let vs find
Some other ſubiect, too much of one Theme cloyes me:
Is't a full Mart:

Muſ. A confluence of all nations
Are met together? There's varietie too
Of all that Marchants trafficque for.

Donu. I know not.
I feele a Virgins longing to deſcend
So far from mine owne greatneſſe, as to be
Thoughnot a buyer, yet a looker on
Their ſtrange commodities.

Muſ. If without a trayne
You dare be ſeene abroad? I'le diſmiſſe mine.
And waite vpon you as a common man,
And ſatisfie your wiſhes.

Donu. I embrace it.
Prouide my vayle; and at the Poſterne Gate

Conuey

Conuey vs out vnſeene : I trouble you.
Muſta. It is my happyneſſe you daine to command me.
Exeunt.

Actus primus. Scena tertia.

A ſhop diſcouerde, Gazet *in it.*

Franciſco, and Vitelli, walking by.

Gaz. What doe you lacke, your choyce *China* diſhes, your pure Venetian Chriſtall, of all ſorts, of all neate and new faſhions, from the mirror of the madam, to the priuate vtenſile of her chamber-maide, and curious Pictures of the rareſt beauties of *Europa* : what doe you lacke Gentlemen?

Fran. Take heed I ſay, how ere it may appeare
Impertinent, I muſt expreſſe my loue :
My aduiſe, and counſell. You are young
And may be tempted, and theſe Turkiſh Dames
Like Engliſh maſtiues that increaſe their fiercenes
By being chainde vp, from the reſtraint of freedome :
If luſt once fire their bloud from a faire obiect
Will runne a courſe the fiends themſelues would ſhake at
To enioy their wanton endes.

Vitel. Sir, you miſtake mee
I am too full of woe, to entertaine
One thought of pleaſure : though all *Europes Queenes*
Kneel'd at my feete, and Courted me : much leſſe
To mix with ſuch; Whoſe difference of faith
Muſt of neceſſitie : (or I muſt grant
My ſelfe forgetfull of all you haue taught mee)
Strangle ſuch baſe deſires.

Fran. Be conſtant in
That reſolution, I'le abroade againe,
And learne as far as it is poſſible

What may concerne *Paulina*? Some two houres
Shall bring me backe. *Exit Francisco.*

Vi. All blessings vvaite vpon you.

Gaz. Cold doings, Sir, a Mart doe you call this? Slight
A pudding wife, or a Witch with a thrumbe Cappe
That sells Ale vnder grownd to such as come
To know their Fortunes, in a dead Vacation
Haue ten to one more stirring.

Vitel. Wee must be patient

Gaz. Your seller by retayle ought to be angry
But when hee's fingering money.

Enter Grimaldy, Master, Boteswaine, Saylors, Turkes.

Vi. Heere are company;
Defend me my good *Angell*, I behold
A *Basiliske!*

Gaz. What doe you lacke? what doe you lacke? pure *China* dishes, cleere *Christall* glasses, a dumbe Mistres to make loue too? What doe you lacke gent'lemen?

Gri. Thy Mother for a Bavvde, or if thou hast
A handsome one thy sister for a Whore,
Without these doe not tell me of your trash
Or I shall spoyle your Market.

Vitel. —Old *Grimaldy*?

Gri. Zoundes wherefore doe wee put to Sea, or stand
The Raging windes aloft, or pisse vpon
The Fomie waues vvhen they rage most? deride
The thunder of the enemies shot, boorde boldely
A Marchants shippe for prize, though we behold
The desperate Gunner ready to giue fire
And blow the decke vp? Wherefore shake vve off
Those scrupulous ragges of charitie, and conscience,
Inuented onely to keepe Churchmen warme,
Or feede the hungry mouthes of famished beggers;
But vvhen we touch the shore to wallovve in
All sensuall pleasures.

Master. I but Noble Captaine

To

To ſpare a little for an after clappe
Were not improuidence.
Gri. Hang conſideration:
When this is pent is not our ſhippe the ſame?
Our courage too the ſame to fetch in more?
The earth where it is fertilleſt returnes not
More then three haruests, vvhilſt the glorious Sunne
Poſts through the *Zodiacke*, and makes vp the yeere:
But the Sea, vvhich is our Mother, (that embraceth
Both the rich *Indies* in her outſtrecht armes)
Yeeldes euery day a croppe if vve dare reape it.
No, no my Mates, let Tradeſmen thinke of thrift,
And Vſurers hoord vp, let our expence
Be as our commings in are vvithout bounds:
We are the *Neptunes* of the *Ocean*,
And ſuch as traffique, ſhall pay ſacrifice
Of their beſt lading; Ile haue this Canuas
Your boy vveares linde vvith Tiſſue, and the cates
You taſte, ſerude vp in gold; though vve carouſe
The teares of Orphanes in our *Greekiſh* vvines,
The ſighes of vndone Widowes, paying for
The muſique bought to cheere vs; rauiſhde Virgins
To ſtuerie ſold for Coyne to feede our riots,
We vvill haue no compunction.
Gaz. Doe you heare ſir,
We haue payde for our Ground?
Grim. Humh.
Gaz. And humh too,
For all your bigge vvords, get you further off,
And hinder not the proſpect of our ſhoppe
Or——
Gri. What vvill you doe?
Gaz. Nothing ſir, but pray
Your worſhip to giue me Lanſell.
Gri. By the eares,
Thus ſir, by the eares.
Maſter. Hold, hold.

Vitel. You'l ſtill be prating.

Gri. Come let's be drunke? then each man to his whore,
Slight how doe you looke, you had beſt goe find a Corner
To pray in, and repent. Doe, doe, and crie
It will ſhew fine in *Pirats.* *Exit Grimaldi.*

Maſter. Wee muſt follow
Or he will ſpend our ſhares;

Boteſwaine. I fought for mine.

Maſter. Nor am I ſo preciſe but I can drab too:
Wee will not ſit out for our parts,

Bot. Agreed. *Exeunt Maſter, Boteſwaine, Saylors.*

Gaz. The deuill gnaw off his fingers, if he were
In London among the clubs, vp went his heeles
For ſtriking of a Prentice. What doe you lack,
What doe you lacke gentlemen.

1 *Turke.* I wonder how the Viceroy can indure
The inſolence of this fellow.

2 *Turke.* He receiues profit
From the Prizes he brings in, and that excuſes
What euer he commits? Ha, what are theſe!

Enter Muſtapha, Donuſa, vayld.

1 *T.* They ſeeme of ranke and qualitie, obſerue 'em.

Gaz. What doe you lacke! ſee what you pleaſe to buy,
Wares of all ſorts moſt honourable Madona.

Vitel. Peace ſirra, make no noyſe, theſe are not people
To be ieſted with.

Donu. Is this the *Chriſtians* cuſtome
In the venting their commodities.

Muſ. Yes beſt Madame
But you may pleaſe to keepe your way, heere's nothing,
But toyes, and trifles, not worth your obſeruing.

Donu. Yes, for varieties ſake pray you ſhew vs, friends,
The chiefeſt of your Wares.

Vitel. Your Ladiſhips ſeruant;
And if in worth or Title you are more,
My ignorance pleade my pardon.

Donusa. Hee speakes well.

Vitel. Take downe the looking glasse: here is a mirror
Steele so exactely, neither taking from
Nor flattering the object, it returnes
To the beholder, that Narcissus might
(And neuer grow enamourd of himselfe:)
View his fayre feature in't.

Donusa. Poeticall too!

Vitel. Heere *China* dishes to serue in a Banket,
Though the volouptus *Persian* sate a guest.
Heere Christall glasses, such as *Ganymede*
Did fill with Nectar to the Thunderer
When he dranke to *Alcides*, and receiu'd him
In the fellowship of the *gods*: true to the owners,
Corinthian plate studded with Diamonds,
Conceale oft deadly poyson; This pure metall
So innocent is, and faithfull to the Mistres
Or Master that possesses it: that rather
Then hold one drop that's venemous, of it selfe
It flies in peces, and deludes the Traytor.

Donu. How mouingly could this fellow treat vpon
A worthy subiect, that findes such discourse
To grace a trifle!

Vitel. Heere's a Picture Madame
The master pecce of *Michael Angelo*,
Our great *Italian* workeman; heere's another
So perfit at all parts that had *Pigmalion*
Seene this, his prayers had beene made to *Venus*,
To haue giuen it life, and his Caru'd iuory Image
By poets nere remembred. They are indeed
The rarest beauties of the *Christian* world
And no where to be equal'd.

Donu. You are partiall
In the cause of those you fauour I beleeue,
I instantly could shew you one, to theirs
Not much inferior.

Vitel. With your pardon Madame
I am incredculous.

Donu.

Donu. Can you match me this! *(Vnvailes her selfe.*
Vitelli. What wonder looke I on! I'll search above
And suddenly attend you. *Exit Vitelli.*
Donu. Are you amazde
I'le bring you to your selfe. *Breakes the glasses.*
Musta. Ha! what's the matter!
Gaz. My masters ware? We are vndone! O strange!
A Lady to turne rorer, and breake glasses
'Tis time to shut vp shop then.
Musta, You seeme mou'de.
If any Language of these *Christian* dogges
Haue cal'd your anger on, in a frowne shew it
And they are dead already.
Donusa. The offence
Lookes not so farre. The foolish paultrie fellow
Shew'd me some trifles, and demanded of me
For what I valew'd at so many aspers,
A thousand Duckets. I confesse he mou'd mee;
Yet I should wrong my selfe should such a begger
Receiue least losse from mee.
Muf. Is it no more?
Donu. No, I assure you. Bid him bring his bill
To morrow to the Palace and enquire
For one *Donusa:*
That word giues him passage through all the guard;
Say there he shall receiue full satisfaction.
Now when you please
Muf. I waite you. *Exeunt Mustapha, Donusa, 2. Turkes.*
1 *Turke.* We must not know them, lets shift off & vanish.
Gaz. The swines Pox ouertake you, theres a curse
For a Turke that eates no Hogs flesh.
Vitel. Is she gone:
Gazet. Yes you may see her handy-worke.
Vitel. No matter.
Said she ought else?
Gaz. That you should wait vpon her
And there receiue Court payment, and to passe

The

The guards, ſhe bids you onely ſay you come
To one *Donuſa*.
Vitel. How! remoue the wares
Doe it without reply. The *Sultans* neece!
I haue heard among the Turkes for any Lady
To ſhew her face bare, argues loue, or ſpeakes
Her deadly hatred. What ſhould I feare, my fortune
Is ſuncke ſo low: there cannot fall vpon mee
Ought worth my ſhunning. I will run the hazard:
She may be a meanes to free diſtreſ'd *Paulina*.
Or if offended, at the worſt, to die
Is a full period to calamitie.

The end of the firſt act.

Actus Secundus Scena prima.

Enter Carazie, Manto.

Car. In the name of wonder! *Manto*, what hath my Ladie
Done with her ſelfe ſince yeſterday.
Manto. I know not.
Malicious men report we are all guided
In our affections by a wandering Planet?
But ſuch a ſuddaine change in ſuch a perſon,
May ſtand for an example to confirme
Their falſe aſſertion.
Car. Shee's now pettiſh, froward,
Muſique, diſcourſe, obſeruance tedious to her.
Manto. She ſlept not the laſt night: and yet preuented
The riſing Sun in being vp before him.
Call'd for a coſtly Bath, then willd the roomes
Should be perfum'd; Ranſackde her Cabinets
For her choyce, and richeſt Iewells: and appeares now
Like *Cinthia* in full glory, wayted on
By the faireſt of the Stars.
Car. Can you gueſſe the reaſon,

Why the *Aga* of the *Ianizaries*, and he
That guards the entrance of the inmoſt part
Were call'd before her.

Mamo. They are both her creatures,
And by her grace prefer'de, but I am ignorant
To what purpoſe they were ſent for.

Enter Donuſa.

Car. Heere ſhee comes.
Full of ſad thoughts: we muſt ſtand further off.
What a frowne was that!

Mamo. Forbeare.

Car. I pittie her.

Donu. What Magicque hath transform'd me from my' (ſelfe?
Where is my Virgin pride? How haue I loſt
My boaſted freedome? what new fire burnes vp
My ſcortched intrailes. What vnknowne deſires
Inuade, and take poſſeſſion of my ſoule;
All vertuous obiects vaniſh'd? Haue I ſtood
The ſhocke of fierce temptations, ſtopte mine eares
Againſt all *Siren* notes luſt euer ſung,
To drawe my barke of chaſtitie (that with wonder
Hath keept, a conſtant, and an honourd courſe.)
Into the gulfe of a deſerude ill fame?
Now fall vnpittied? And in a moment
With mine owne hands digge vp a graue to burie
The monumentall heape of all my yeares,
Imployde in Noble actions? O my fate!
But there is no reſiſting. I obey thee
Imperious *god* of loue, and willingly
Put mine owne Fetters on, to grace thy tryumph;
Twere therefore more then crueltie in thee
To vſe me like a tyranne. What poore meanes
Muſt I make vſe of now? And flatter ſuch,
To vvhom, till I betrayde my libertie,
One gratious looke of mine, would haue erected
An altar to my ſeruice. How now *Mamo*?

My

My euer carefull woman, and *Carazie*
Thou haſt beene faithfull too.
Car. I dare not call
My life mine owne ſince it is yours, but gladly
Will part with it: when ere you ſhall command mee;
And thinke I fall a Martir, ſo my death
May giue life to your pleaſures.
Manto. But vouchſafe
To let me vnderſtand what you deſire
Should be effected: I will vndertake it
And curſe my ſelfe for Cowardice if I pauſde
To aske a reaſon why.
Donn. I am comforted,
In the tender of your ſeruice, but ſhall be
Confirm'd in my full ioyes, in the performance.
Yet truſt me: I will not impoſe vpon you
But what you ſtand ingagde for, to a Miſtres,
(Such as I haue beene to you.) All I aske
Is faith, and ſecreſie.
Car. Say but you doubt me,
And to ſecure you I'le cut out my tongue
I am libde in the breech already.
Manto. Doe not hinder
Your ſelfe by theſe delayes.
Donuſa. Thus then I Whiſper
Mine owne ſhame to you.—O that I ſhould bluſh
To ſpeake what I ſo much deſire to doe!
And further ——*Whiſpers, and vſes vehement actions.*
Manto. Is this all.
Donuſa. Thinke it not baſe
Although I know the office vndergoes
A courſe conſtruction.
Car. Courſe? 'tis but procuring
A ſmocke imploiment, which has made more Knights,
In a Countrie I could name, then twenty yeares
Of ſeruice in the field.

Donu. You haue my ends.
Manto. Which say you haue arriu'de at, be not wanting
To your selfe, and feare not vs.
Car. I know my burthen
I'le beare it with delight,
Manto. Talke not, but doe. *Exeunt Carazie, Manto.*
Do. O Loue what poore shifts thou dost force vs too!
Exit Donusa.

Actus Secundus, Scena Secunda.

Enter Aga, Capiaga, Ianizaries.

Aga. She was euer our good Mistres, and our maker,
And should we checke at a little hazard for her,
Wee were vnthankefull.
Capiaga. I dare pawne my head,
Tis some disguised Minion of the Court,
Sent from great *Amurath*, to learne from her
The Viceroys actions.
Aga. That concernes not vs:
His fall may be our rise, what ere he bee
He passes through my guardes.
Cap. And mine, prouided
Hee giue the word.

Enter Vitelli.

Vitel. To faynt now being thus far,
Would argue mee of Cowardice.
Aga. Stand: the word.
Or being a Christian to presse thus far,
Forfeits thy life.
Vitelli. *Donusa.*
Aga. Passe in peace. *Exeunt Aga, and Ianizaries.*
Vit What a priuiledge her name beares.
Tis wonderous strange!

The

(The Captine of the *Ianizaries*,) If the great Officer
The guardian of the inner port denie not.
Cap. Thy warrant: Speake,
Or thou art dead.
Vitel. Donusa.
Capiaga. That protects thee, without feare, Enter.
So: discharge the watch. *Exit Vitelli, Capiaga.*

A Secundus Scena tertia.

Enter Carazie, Manto.

Car. Though he hath past the *Aga*, and chiefe Porter
This cannot be the man.
Manto. By her description I am sure it is.
Cara. O women, women!
What are you? a great Lady dote vpon
A Haberdasher of small vvares!
Manto. Pish, thou hast none.
Cara. No, if I had I might haue seru'd the turne:
This tis to want munition vvhen a man
Should make a breach and Enter. *Enter Vitelli.*
Manto. Sir, you are vvellcome:
Thinke what tis to be happy and possesse it.
Car. Perfume the Roomes there, and make way.
Let Musique with choyce notes entertaine the man,
The *Princesse* novv purposes to honour.
Vit. I am rauish'd! *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus Scena Quarta.

A Table set forth, Iewels and Bagges vpon it: loude Musicq. Enter Donusa, takes a chaire, to her *Carazie, Vitelli, Manto.*
Donusa, Sing ore the Dittie, that I last composde

Vpon my Loue-ſicke paſſions ſute, your Voice
To the Muſique thats plac'de yonder, we ſhall heare you
With more delght and pleaſure.
Car. I obey you. *Song.*
Vitel. Is not this *Tempe*, or the bleſſed ſhades,
Where innocent Spirits reſide? Or doe I dreame,
And this a heauenly viſion? Howſoeuer
It is a ſight too glorious to behold
For ſuch a vvretch as I am. *Stands amazde.*
Car. He is daunted.
Mant. Speake to him Madam, cheere him vp, or you
Deſtroy what you haue builded.
Car. Would I were furniſhde
With his artillerie, and if I ſtood
Gaping as he does, hang me.
Vit. That I might euer dreame thus. *kneeles.*
Donu. Baniſh amazement,
You, wake; your debtor tells you ſo, your debtor,
And to aſſure you that I am a ſubſtance
And no aæriall figure, thus I raiſe you.
Why doe you ſhake? My ſoft touch brings no Ague,
No biting froſt is in this palme: Nor are
My lookes like to the Gorgons head, that turne
Men into Statues, rather they haue power
(Or I haue been abuſde) vvhere they beſtow
Their influence (let me prooue it truth in you)
To giue to dead men motion.
Vitel. Can this be?
May I beleeue my ſences? Dare I thinke
I haue a memory? Or that you are
That excellent creature, that of late diſdain'de not
To looke on my poore trifles.
Donu. I am ſhee.
Vitell. The owner of that bleſſed name *Donuſa*,
Which like a potent charme, although pronounc'de
By my prophane, but much vnworthyer tongue,

Hath

Hath brought me safe to this forbidden place,
Where Christian yet ne're trode.

Donn. I am the same.

Vitell. And to what end, great Lady pardon me,
That I presume to aske, did your command
Command me hither? or what am I? to vvhom
You should vouchsafe your fauours; nay, your angers?
If any wilde or vncollected speech
Offensiuely deliuer'd, or my doubt
Of your vnknowne perfections, haue displeasde you,
You wrong your indignation, to pronounce
Your selfe my sentence: to haue seene you onely,
And to haue touchde that fortune-making hand,
Will with delight waigh downe all tortures, that
A flinty hangmans rage could execute,
Or rigide tyranny command with pleasure.

Donn. How the aboundance of good flowing to thee,
Is vvrongde in this simplicitie: and these bounties
Which all our Easterne Kings haue kneeld in vaine for,
Doe by thy ignorance, or vvilfull feare,
Meete vvith a false construction. *Christian*, know
(For till thou art mine by a neerer name,
That title though abhord here, takes not from
Thy entertainement) that tis not the fashion
Among the greatest and the faireſt Dames,
This Turkish Empire gladly owes, and bowes to:
To punish vvhere theres no offence, or nourish
Displeasures against those, vvithout whose mercie
They part vvith all felicity. Prethee be vvise,
And gently vnderstand mee; Doe not force her
That ne're knew ought but to command, not ere read
The elements of affection, but from such
As gladly sude to her, in the infancie
Of her new borne desires, to be at once
Importunate, and immodest.

Vitel. Did I know

Great

Great Lady your commands, or to what purpoſe
This perſonated paſſion tends, (ſince twere
A crime in mee deſeruing death, to thinke
It is your owne: I ſhould to make you ſport
Take any ſhape you pleaſe to impoſe vpon me:
And with ioy ſtriue to ſerue you.

Donu. Sport? thou art cruell,
If that thou canſt interpret my deſcent,
From my high byrth and greatneſſe? But to be
A part in which I truely acte my ſelfe.
And I muſt hold thee for a dull ſpectator
If it ſtirre not affection, and inuite
Compaſſion for my ſufferings. Be thou taught
By my example, to make ſatisfaction
For wrongs vniuſtly offer'd. Willingly
I doe confeſſe my fault; I iniurd thee
In ſome poore pettie trifles; Thus I pay for
The treſpaſſe I did to thee. Here receiue
Theſe baggs ſtuft full of our imperiall coyne,
Or if this payment be too light, takeheere
Theſe Iems for which the flauiſh *Indians* diues
To the bottome of the Maine? Or if thou ſcorne
Theſe as baſe droſſe (which take but common minds)
But fancie any honour in my guift
(Which is vnbounded as the *Sultans* Power)
And bee poſſeſt of't.

Vitel. I am ouerwhelm'd:
With the weight of happineſſe you throwe vpon me.
Nor can it fall in my imagination,
What wrong I ere haue done you: and much leſſe
How like a Royall Marchant to returne
Your great magnificence.

Donu. They are degrees,
Not ends of my intended fauors to thee.
Theſe ſeeds of bountie I yet ſcatter on
A glebe I haue not tride, but be thou thankefull
The harueſt is to come.

Vitel. What can be added
To that which I already haue recieu'd,
I cannot comprehend.
Donusa. The tender of
My selfe. Why dost thou start! and in that guift,
Full restitution of that Virgin freedome
Which thou hast rob'd mee of. Yet I professe
I so farre prize the louely theefe that stole it,
That were it possible thou couldest restore
What thou vnwittingly hast rauisht from me,
I should refuse the present.
Vitelli. How I shake
In my constant resolution! and my flesh
Rebellious to my better part now tells me,
As if it were a strong defence of frailtie.
A *Hermit* in a desert trenchd with prayers
Could not resist this batterie.
Donu. Thou an *Italian*?
Nay more I know't, a naturall *Venetian*,
Such as are Courtiers borne to please fayre Ladies,
Yet come thus slowely on?
Vitel Excuse me Madame,
What imputation soere the world
Is pleasde to lay vpon vs: in my selfe
I am so innocent that I know not what tis
That I should offer.
Donusa. By instinct I'le teach thee,
And with such ease as loue makes me to aske it.
When a young Lady wrings you by the hand thus,
Or with an amorous touch presses your foote
Lookes babies in your eyes, playes with your locks,
Doe not you find without a tutors helpe
What tis she lookes for.
Vitelli. I am growne already
Skilfull in the mysterie.
Donu. Or if thus she kisse you,
Then tast's your lips againe.

Vitel. That latter blow
Has beate all chaſte thoughts from me.
Donu. Say ſhe poynts to
Some priuate roome, the Sunne beames neuer enters,
Prouoking diſhes, paſſing by to heighten
Declined appetite, actiue Muſicque vſhering
Your faynting ſteps, the wayters too as borne dumbe,
Not daring to looke on you. *Exit, inuiting him to follow.*
Vitelli. Though the Diuell
Stood by, and rorde, I follow: now I finde
That Vertue's but a word, and no ſure garde
If ſet vpon by beauty, and reward. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus, Scæna Quinta.

Enter Aga. Capiaga, Grimaldi, Maſter, Boteſwaine, &c.

Aga. The Diuels in him I thinke.
Gri. Let him be damn'd too
Ile looke on him though he ſtard as wild as hell,
Nay Ile goe neere to tell him to his teeth
If he mends not ſuddenly, and prooues more thankefull,
We doe him too much ſeruice, were't not for ſhame now
I could turne honeſt and forſweare my trade,
Which next to being truſt vp at the maine yard
By ſome low cuntrey butterbox, I hate
As deadly as I doe faſting, or long grace
When meate cooles on the table.
Capi. But take heede,
You know his violent nature.
Gri. Let his Whores
And Catamites, know't, I vnderſtand my ſelfe,
And how vnmanly tis to ſit at home
And rayle at vs, that run abroad all hazards:
If euery weeke we bring not home new pillage,
For the fatting his Serraglio. *Enter Aſambeg, Aduſtapha*

Aga.

Aga. Heere he comes.
Capi. How terrible he lookes?
Gri. To ſuch as feare him:
The viceroy *Aſambeg* were he the Sultans ſelfe
He will let vs know a reaſon for his fury,
Or we muſt take leaue without his allowance
To be merry with our ignorance.
Aſam. Mahomets hell
Light on you all, you chrouch, and cringe now, where
Was the terrour of my iuſt frownes, when you ſuffered
Thoſe theeues of Malta, almoſt in our harbor
To board a ſhip, and beare her ſafely off,
While you ſtood idle lookers on?
Aga. The ods
In the men and ſhipping, and the ſuddainneſſe
Of their departure yeelding vs no leaſure
To ſend forth others to relieue our owne,
Deterd vs mighty Sir.
Aſam. Deterde you cowards?
How durſt you only entertaine the knowledge
Of vvhat feare vvas, but in the not performance
Of our command? in me great Amurah ſpake,
My voyce did eccho to your eares his thunder,
And wild you like ſo many Seaborne-Tritons,
Arm'd onely vvith the Trumpets of your courage,
To ſwimme vp to her, and like Remoras.
Hanging vpon her keele, to ſtay her flight
Till reſcue ſent from vs, had fetcht you off,
You thinke you are ſafe now; who durſt but diſpute it
Or make it queſtionable, if this moment
I charg'd you from yon hanging cliffe, that glaſſes
His rugged forhead in the neighbour lake,
To throw your ſelues downe headlong? or like fagots
To fill the ditches of defended Forts,
While on your backs we march'd vp to the breach
Gri. That vvould not I. *Aſam.* Ha?
Gri. Yet I dare as much

As any of the Sultans boldeſt ſonnes,
(Whoſe heauen, and hell, hang on his frowne, or ſmile,)
His vvarlike Ianiſaries.
Aſam. Adde one ſyllable more
Thou doeſt pronounce vpon thy ſelfe a ſentence
That earthquake-like vvill ſwallow the
Gri. Let it open,
Ile ſtand the hazard, thoſe contemned cheenes
Your fellow *Pirats* Sir, the bold Malteze
Whom with your lookes you thinke to quell, at Rhodes
Laugh'de at great *Solymans* anger: and if treaſon
Had not deliuerde them into his power,
Hee had growne olde in glory as in yeeres.
At that ſo fatall ſiege, or riſne with ſhame
His hopes, and threates deluded.
Aſambeg. Our great Prophet
How haue I loſt my anger, and my Power!
Grima. Find it and vſe it on thy flatterers:
And not vpon thy friends that dare ſpeake truth,
Theſe Knights of Malta but a handfull to
Your armies that drinke riuers vp, haue ſtood
Your furie at the height, and with their croſſes
Strooke pale your horned moones; Theſe men of Malta
Since I tooke pay from you, I haue met and fought with
Vpon aduantage too. Yet to ſpeake truth
By the ſoule of honor, I haue euer found them
As prouident to direct, and bold to doe
As any trayade vp in your diſcipline:
Rauiſhde from other nations.
Muſ. I perceiue
The lightning in his fierie lookes, the cloude
Is broke already.
Gri. Thinke not therefore ſir,
That you alone are Giants, and ſuch *Pigmies*
You war vpon.
Aſam. Villaine Ile make thee know
Thou haſt blaſphemde the *Ottoman* power, and ſafer

At noone day might haue giuen fire to St *Markes*
Your proud *Venetian* Temple. Ceize vpon him;
I am not so neere reconcild to him
To bid him die: that were a benefit
The dog's vnworthy off, to our vse confiscate
All that he stands possesde of: Let him tast
The miserie of want, and his vaine riots
Like to so many walking Ghosts affright him
Where ere he sets his desperate foote. Who is't
That does command you?
Grimal. Is this the reward
For all my seruice, and the rape I made
On fayre *Paulina*.
Asam. Drag him hence, he dies
That dallies but a minute.
Botes. What's become *Grimaldi dragde off, his head couered. Exeunt*
Of our shares now Master.
Must. Would he had been borne dumbe: *Master and*
The beggers cure, patience is all that's left vs. *Boatswaine.*
Maust. Twas but intemperance of speech, excuse him
Let me preuaile so far. Fame giues him out
For a deseruing fellow.
Asam. At Aleppo
I durst not presse you so far, giue me leaue
To vse my owne will and command in Tunis
And if you please my priuacie.
Musta. I will see you
When this high wind's blowne ore. *Exit* Mustapha.
Asam. So shall you find me
Ready to doe you seruice. Rage now leaue me
Sterne lookes, and all the ceremonious formes
Attending on dread Maiestie, flie from
Transformed *Asambeg*, why should I hug *plucks out a*
So neere my hart, what leades me to my prison? *guilt key.*
Where she that is inthrald commands her keeper,
And robs me of the fiercenesse I was borne with.
Stout men quake at my frownes, and in returne

I tremble at her ſoftneſſe. Baſe *Grimaldi*
But only nam'd *Paulina*, and the charme
Had almoſt chok'd my fury ere I could
Pronounce his ſentence. Would when firſt I ſaw her
Mine eyes had met with lightning, and in place
Of hearing her inchanting tongue, the ſhrikes
Of Mandrakes had made muſicke to my ſlumbers,
For now I only walke a louing dreame
And but to my diſhonour neuer vvake,
And yet am blind, but vvhen I ſee the obiect,
And madly dote on it. Appeare bright ſparke *opens a doore,*
Of all perfection: any ſi nile *Paulina diſcouerd*
Borow'd from Diamonds, or the fayreſt ſtars *comes forth.*
To helpe me to expreſſe, how deere I prize
The vnmatcht graces, vvill riſe vp and chide me
For poore detraction.

Pau. I deſpiſe thy flatteries
Thus ſpit at 'em, and ſcorne 'em, and being arm'd
In the aſſurance of my innocent vertue
I ſtampe vpon all doubts, all feares, all tortures
Thy barbarous cruelty, or vvhat's vvorſe, thy dotage
(The vvorthy parent of thy iealouſie)
Can ſhowre vpon me.

Aſam. If theſe bitter taunts
Rauiſh me from my ſelfe, and make me thinke
My greedy eares receiue Angelicall ſounds,
How vvould this tongue tune to a louing note
Inuade, and take poſſeſſion of my ſoule
Which then I durſt not call mine owne.

Pau. Thou art falſe,
Falſer then thy religion. Doe but thinke me
Something aboue a beaſt; nay more, a monſter,
Would fright the Sun to looke on, and then tell me
If this baſe vſage, can inuite affection?
If to be mewde vp, and excluded from
Humane ſociety; the vſe of pleaſures;
The neceſſary, not ſuperfluous duties

Of ſeruants to diſcharge thoſe offices,
I bluſh to name.
Aſam. Of ſeruants? can you thinke
That I, that dare not truſt the eie of Heauen
To looke vpon your beauties, that denie
My ſelfe the happeneſſe to touch your pureneſſe
Will ere conſent an Eunuch, or bought handmaid
Shall once approch you? there is ſomething in you
That can worke Miracles, or I am couſende,
Diſpoſe and alter ſexes. To my vvrong
In ſpite of nature. I will be your nurſe,
Your woman, your phyſitian, and your foole,
Till with your free conſent, which I haue vowde
Neuer to force, you grace me with a name
That ſhall ſupplie all theſe.
Paul. What is't?
Aſa. Your husband.
Pau. My hangman when thou pleaſeſt.
Aſam. Thus I garde me,
Againſt your further angers. *Puts to the doore and lockes it.*
Paul. Which ſhall reach thee
Though I were in the Center.
Aſam. Such a ſpirit
In ſuch a ſmall proportion I nere reade of
Which time muſt alter, rauiſh her I dare not
The magique that ſhe weares about her necke,
I thinke defends her, this deuotion payde
To this ſweete Saint, miſtreſſe of my ſower payne
Tis fit I take mine owne rough ſhape againe. *Exit Aſambeg.*

Actus Secundus, Scæna Sexta.

Enter Franciſco, Gazet.

Fran. I thinke hee's loſt.
Gazet. Tis ten to one of that,

I nere knew Cittizen turne Courtier yet,
But he loſt his credit, though he ſau'd himſelfe
Why, looke you ſir, there are ſo many lobbies,
Out offices, and diſputations heere
Behind theſe Turkiſh hangings, that a Chriſtian
Hardly gets off but circumcised.

Fran. I am troubled *Enter Vitelli, Carazie, Manto,*
Troubled exceedingly. Ha? vvhat are theſe?

Gaz. One by his rich ſute ſhould bee ſome french Em-
For his trayne I thinke they are Turkes. (baſſador

Fran. Peace, be not ſeene.

Cara. You are now paſt all the gards, and vndiſcouerd
You may returne.

Vitel. There's for your paynes, forget not
My humbleſt ſeruice to the beſt of Ladies.

Manto. Deſerue her fauour ſir, in making haſte
For a ſecond entertainement.

Vitel. Doe not doubt me, *Exeunt* Carazi, Manto.
I ſhall not liue till then.

Gaz. The trayne is vaniſh'd
They haue done him ſome good office hee's ſo free
And liberall of his gold. Ha, doe I dreame,
Or is this mine owne naturall Maſter;

Fran. Tis he,
But ſtrangely metamorphoſde. You haue made ſir.
A proſperous voyage, heauen grant it be honeſt,
I ſhall reioyce then too.

Gaz. You make him bluſh
To talke of honeſty, you were but now
In the giuing vaine, and may thinke of *Gazet*
Your worſhips prentice.

Vitel. There's gold, be thou free too
And Maſter of my ſhop, and all the wares
Wee brought from Venice.

Gaz. Riuo then.

Vitel. Deere ſir
This place affords not priuacie for diſcourſe

But

But I can tell you wonders, my rich habit
Deſerues leaſt admiration; thers nothing
That can fall in the compaſſe of your wiſhes
Though it were to redeeme a thouſand ſlaues
From the Turkiſh gallies, or at home to erect
Some pious worke, to ſhame all Hoſpitalls,
But I am maſter of the meanes.

Fran. Tis ſtrange.

Vitel. As I vvalke Ile tell you more.

Gaz. Pray you a word Sir,
And then I will put on. I haue one boone more.

Vitel. What is't? ſpeake freely.

Gaz. Thus then, as I am Maſter (ing
Of your Shop, and vvares, pray you help me to ſome truck-
With your laſt ſhee cuſtomer, though ſhee cracke my beſt
I vvill indure it with patience. (peece

Vitel. Leaue your prating.

Gaz. I may, you haue beene doing, we will doe too.

Fran. I am amazde, yet will nor blame, nor chide you,
Till you informe me further. Yet muſt ſay
They ſteere not the right courſe, nor trafficke well,
That ſeeke a paſſage to reach Heauen, through Hell.

Exeunt

Actus Tertius. Scæna prima.

Enter Donuſa, Manto.

Donuſa. When ſaid he, he vvould come againe?

Manto. He ſwore,
Short Minutes ſhould be tedious Ages to him,
Vntill the tender of his ſecond ſeruice,
So much he ſeemde tranſported with the firſt.

Donu. I am ſure I was. I charge thee *Manto* tell me
By all my fauors, and my bounties truely

Whether thou art a Virgin, or like me
Haſt forfeited that name.
Manto. A Virgine Madame?
At my yeeres being a wayting-woman, and in Court too?
That were miraculous. I ſo long ſince loſt
That barren burthen, I almoſt forget
That euer I was one.
Donu. And could thy friends
Reade in thy face, thy maidenhead gone, that thou
Hadſt parted with it?
Manto. Noe indeed. I paſt
For currant many yeeres after, till by fortune,
Long and continewed practiſe in the ſport
Blew vp my decke, a husband then was found out
By my indulgent father, and to the world
All was made whole againe. What needs you feare then
That at your pleaſure may repayre your honour
Durſt any enuious, or malitious tongue,
Preſume to taint it?
Donu. How now?

Enter Caraxie.

Cara. Madam, the Baſha
Humbly deſires acceſſe.
Donu. If it had beene
My neate Italian, thou hadſt met my vviſhes.
Tell him we would be priuate.
Cara. So I did,
But he is much importunate.
Manto. Beſt diſpatch him
His lingring heere elſe will deter the other,
From making his approch.
Donu. His entertainement
Shall not inuite a ſecond viſit, goe
Say we are pleaſde.

Enter Muſtapha.

Muſta. All happineſſe.
Donu. Bee ſuddaine

T'was

T'was ſawcie rudeneſſe in you ſir to preſſe
On my retirements, but ridiculous folly
To vvaſt the time that might be better ſpent
In complementall vviſhes.
Cara. There's a cooling
For his hot encounter.
Donu. Come you heere to ſtare?
If you haue loſt your tongue, and vſe of ſpeech,
Reſigne your gouernment, there's a mutes place voyde
In my vncles Court I heare, and you may worke me
To vvrite for your preferment.
Muſta. This is ſtrange!
I know not Madam, what neglect of mine
Has calde this ſcorne vpon me.
Donu. To the purpoſe
My will's a reaſon, and we ſtand not bound
To yeeld account to you.
Muſt. Not of your angers,
But with erected eares I ſhould heare from you
The ſtory of your good opinion of me
Confirmde by loue, and fauours.
Donu. How deſeru'd?
I haue conſider'd you from head to foote,
And can find nothing in that waynſcote face,
That can teach me to dote, nor am I taken
With your grimme aſpect, or toadepoole-like complexion,
Thoſe ſcarres you glorie in, I feare to looke on;
And had much rather heare a merrie tale
Then all your battayles wonne with blood and ſweate,
Though you belch forth the ſtincke too, in the ſeruice,
And ſweare by your Muſtachios all is true.
You are yet too rough for me, purge and take phyſicke,
Purchaſe perfumers, get me ſome French taylor,
To new create you; the firſt ſhape you were made with
Is quite worne out, let your barbar waſh your face too,
You looke yet like a bugbeare to fright children,

Till when I take my leaue, wayte me *Carazie.* *Exeunt*
Must. Stay you my Ladies Cabinet key. *Donn. Car.*
Mant. How's this sir?
Must. Stay and stand quietly, or you shall fall else,
Not to firke your belly vp flounder like, but neuer
To rise againe. Offer but to vnlocke
These dores that stop your fugitiue tongue (obserue me)
And by my fury, I'll fixe there this bolte
To barre thy speech for euer. So, be safe now
And but resolue me, not of what I doubt
But bring assurance to a thing beleeu'd,
Thou mak'st thy selfe a fortune, not depending
On the vncertaine fauours of a Mistresse,
But art thy selfe one. I'll not so far question
My iudgement, and obseruance, as to aske
Why I am slighted, and contemnde, but in
Whose fauour it is done. I that haue read
The copious volumes of all womens falsehood,
Commented on by the heart breaking groanes
Of abusde louers, all the doubts washde off
With fruitlesse teares, the Spiders cobweb vayle
Of arguments, alleadge in their defence,
Blowne off with sighs of desperate men, and they
Appearing in their full deformitie:
Know that some other hath displanted me,
With her dishonor. Has she giuen it vp?
Confirme it in two sillables?
Manto. She has.
Must. I cherish thy confession thus, and thus, *giues*
Bee mine, againe I court thee thus, and thus *her iewels.*
Now prooue but constant to my ends.
Manto. By all —— (diles
Must. Enough, I dare not doubt thee. O land Corco-
Made of Ægyptian slime, accursed women!
But tis no time to rayle: come my best *Manto.* *Exeunt*

Actus.

Actus tertius, Scæna Secunda.

Enter Vitelli, Franciſco.

Vitel Sir, as you are my confeſſor, you ſtand bound
Not to reueale what euer I diſcouer
In that Religious way: nor dare I doubt you.
Let it ſuffice, you haue made me ſee my follies,
And wrought perhaps compunction; For I would not
Appeare an *Hyppocrite*. But when you impoſe
A penance on me, beyond fleſh, and blood
To vndergoe: you muſt inſtructe me how
To put off the condition of a man:
Or if not pardon, at the leaſt, excuſe
My diſobedience. Yet deſpayre not ſir,
For though I take mine owne way, I ſhall doe
Something that may hereafter to my glory,
Speake me your Scholler.

Fran. I inioyne you not
To goe, but ſend.

Vitel. That were a pettie triall
Not worth one ſo long taught, and exerciſde
Vnder ſo graue a maſter. Reuerende *Franciſco*
My friend, my father, in that word, my all;
Reſt confident, you ſhall heare ſome thing of mee
That will redeeme me in your good opinion,
Or iudge me loſt for euer. Send *Gazet*
(Shee ſhall giue order that hee may haue enterance)
To acquaint you with my fortunes. *Exit Vitelli.*

Fran. Goe and proſper,
Holy Saints guide and ſtrengthen thee. Howſoeuer
As my endeauours are, ſo may they find
Gracious acceptance.

Enter Gazet, Grimaldi, in raggs.

Gaz. Now you doe not rore ſir

You ſpeake not tempeſts, nor take eare-rent from
A poore ſhopkeeper. Doe you remember that ſir,
I vveare your marks heere ſtill.
Fran. Can this be poſſible?
All vvonders are not ceaſ'd then.
Grimal. Doe, abuſe me,
Spit on me, ſpurne me, pull me by the noſe,
Thruſt out theſe fiery eies, that yeſterday
Would haue lookde thee dead.
Graz. O ſaue me ſir.
Gri. Feare nothing,
I am tame, and quiet, there's noe vvrong can force me
To remember vvhat I vvas. I haue forgot,
I ere had irefull fierceneſſe, a ſteelde heart,
Inſenſible of compaſſion to others,
Nor is it fit that I ſhould thinke my ſelfe
Worth mine owne pittie, Oh.
Fran. Growes this deiection,
From his diſgrace doe you ſay?
Gaz. Why hees caſherde ſir,
His ſhips, his goods, his liuery-puncks confiſcate,
And there is ſuch a puniſhment laid vpon him,
The miſerable rogue muſt ſteale no more,
Nor drinke, nor drab.
Fran. Does that torment him?
Gazet. O Sir!
Should the State take order to bar men of acres,
From thoſe two laudable recreations,
Drinking, and vvhoring, how ſhould Panders purchaſe,
Or thrifty Whores build Hoſpitals? ſlid if I
That ſince I am made free, may write my ſelfe,
A Citty gallant, ſhould forfeit two ſuch charters
I ſhould be ſton'd to death, and nere be pittied,
By the liueries of thoſe companies.
Fran. You'll be whip'd ſir,
If you bridle not your tongue. Haſte to the Palace
Your Maſter lookes for you.
Gaz. My quondam Maſter, Rich

Rich ſonnes forget they euer had poore fathers,
In ſeruants tis more pardonable; as a companion,
Or ſo, I may conſent, but is there hope ſir,
He has got me a good chapwoman? pray you write
A word or two in my behalfe.

Fran. Out raſcall.

Gaz. I feele ſome inſurrections.

Fran. Hence.

Gaz. I vaniſh. *Exit Gazet.*

Gri. Why ſhould I ſtudy a defence, or comfort?
In whom blacke guilt, and miſery if ballanc'd,
I know not which would turne the ſcale, looke vpward
I dare not, for ſhould it but be beleeu'd,
That I (dide deepe in hells moſt horrid colours,)
Should dare to hope for mercy, it would leaue
No checke or feeling, in men innocent
To catch at ſinnes, the diuell nere taught mankind yet;
No, I muſt downeward, downeward, though repentance
Could borrow all the glorious wings of grace,
My mountainous waight of ſins, would cracke their pini-
And ſincke them to hell with me. (ons,

Fran. Dreadfull! heare me,
Thou miſerable man.

Grima. Good ſir deny not,
But that there is no puniſhment beyond
Damnation. *Enter Maſter, Boteſwaine.*

Maſter. Yonder he is, I pitty him.

Boteſ. Take comfort Captaine, we liue ſtill to ſerue you.

Gri. Serue me? I am a diuell already, leaue me,
Stand further off, you are blaſted elſe, I haue heard
Schoolemen affirme mans body is compos'd
Of the foure elements, and as in league together
They nouriſh life; So each of them affords
Liberty to the ſoule, when it growes wearie
Of this fleſhie priſon. Which ſhall I make choice of?
The fire? n (I ſhall feele that heereafter)
The earth will not receiue me. Should ſome whirlewind

Snatch

Snatch me into the ayre : and I hang there,
Perpetuall plagues would dwell vpon the earth.
And those superior bodies that powre downe
Their cheerefull influence denie to passe it,
Through those vast regions I haue infected.
The (Sea) I that is iustice there, I ploude vp
Mischiefe as deepe as Hell there : there I'le hide
This cursed lumpe of clay may it turne Rocks
Where plummets weight could neuer reach the sands.
And grinde the ribs of all such barkes as presse
The *Oceans* breast in my vnlawfull course.
I haste then to thee, let thy rauenous wombe
Whom all things else denie, be now my tombe. *Exit Gri.*

Master. Follow him and restraine him.

Fran. Let this stand
For an example to you. I'le prouide
A lodging for him, and apply such cures
To his wounded conscience, as heauen hath lent mee.
Hee's now my second care : and my profession
Bindes me to teach the desperate to repent
As farre as to confirme the innocent. *Exeunt.*

Actus tertius, Scæna tertia.

Enter Asambeg, Mustapha, Aga, Capiaga.

Asambeg. Your pleasure,

Mus. I'will exact your priuate eare,
And when you haue receiude it, you will thinke
Too many know it. *Exeunt Aga, Capiaga.*

Asambeg. Leaue the roome, but bee
Within our call. Now sir, what burning secret brings you
(With which it seemes you are turnde Cynders)
To quench in my aduise, or power?

Mustapha. The fire
Will rather reach you.

Asam.

Asam. Mee?

Musta. And consume both,
For tis impossible to be put out
But with the blood of those that kindle it:
And yet one viall of it is so pretious,
It being borrow'd from the *Ottoman* spring,
That better tis I thinke, both vve should perish
Then proue the desperate meanes that must restraine it,
From spreading further.

Asam. To the poynte, and quickely.
These vvinding circumstances in relations
Seldome enuiron truth.

Musta. Truth *Asambeg?*

Asam. Truth *Mustapha.* I sayd it, and adde more
You touch vpon a string that to my eare,
Do's sound *Donusa.*

Musta. You then vnderstand
Who tis I aime at.

Asam. Take heed *Mustapha,*
Remember what she is, and whose we are;
Tis her neglect perhaps, that you complaine of,
And should you practise to reuenge her scorne,
With any plot to taynt her in her honor,

Musta. Heare mee.

Asam. I will be heard first, there's no tongue
A subiect owes, that shall out thunder mine.

Musta. Well take your way.

Asam. I then againe repeate it
If *Mustapha* dares with malitious breath
(On iealous suppositions) presume
To blast the blossome of *Donusas* Fame
Because he is denide a happinesse
Which men of equall, nay of more desert,
Haue su'd in vaine for.

Musta. More?

Asam. More. Twas I spake it,
The Basha of *Natolia* and my selfe

Were Riualls for her, either of vs brought
More Victories, more Trophies, to pleade for vs
To our great Maſter, then you dare lay claime to,
Yet ſtill by his allowance ſhe was left
To her election, each of vs ow'd nature
As much for outward forme, and inward vvorth
To make vvay for vs to her grace and fauour,
As you brought with you. We vvere heard, repuls'd
Yet thought it no diſhonour to ſit downe,
With the diſgrace; if not to force affection,
May merit ſuch a name.

Muſta. Haue you done yet?

Aſa. Be therfore more then ſure the ground on which
You rayſe your accuſation, may admit
No vndermining of defence in her,
For if with pregnant and apparent proofes
Such as may force a iudge, more then inclin'd
Or partiall in her cauſe to ſweare her guilty;
You win not me to ſet off your beleefe,
Neither our ancient friendſhip, nor the rites,
Of ſacred hoſpitality (to which
I would not offer violence) ſhall protect you:
Now vvhen you pleaſe.

Muſt. I will not dwell vpon
Much circumſtance, yet cannot but profeſſe
With the aſſurance of a loyalty,
Equall to yours, the reuerence I owe,
The Sultan, and all ſuch his blood makes ſacred;
That there is not a veyne of mine vvhich yet is
Vnemptied in his ſeruice, but this moment
Should freely open, ſo it might vvaſh off
The ſtaynes of her diſhonor, could you thinke?
Or though you ſaw it credit your owne eyes?
That ſhe, the wonder and amazement of
Her ſex, the pride, and glory of the empire,
That hath diſdain'd you, ſleighted me, and boaſted
A frozen coldneſſe which no appetite,

Or

Or height of blood could thaw, should now so far
Be hurried vvith the violence of her lust,
As in it burying her high birth and fame,
Basely descend to fill a Christians armes
And to him yeeld her Virgin honour vp,
Nay sue to him to take't.

Asam. A Christian?

Must. Temper
Your admiration: and vvhat Christian thinke you?
No Prince disguis'd; no man of marke, nor honour,
No daring vndertaker in our seruice,
But one vvhose lips her foote should scorne to touch,
A poore Mechanicke-Pedler.

Asam. Hee?

Must. Nay more,
Whom doe you thinke she made her scout, nay baude,
To finde him out but me? What place makes choyce of
To wallow in her foule and lothsome pleasures,
But in the pallace? Who the instruments
Of close conueyance, but the captaine of
Your gard the *Aga*, and that man of trust
The warden of the inmost port? I'll proue this,
And though I fayle to shew her in the act,
Glew'd like a neighing Gennet to her Stallion,
Your incredulity shall be conuinc'd
With proofes I blush to thinke on.

Asam. Neuer yet,
This flesh felt such a feuer, by the life
And fortune of great *Amurath*, should our prophet
(Whose name I bow to) in a vision speake this,
T'would make me doubtfull of my faith: leade on,
And when my eies, and eares, are like yours, guilty,
My rage shall then appeare, for I will doe
Something; but what, I am not yet determin'd.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius, Scæna Quarta.

Enter Carazie, Manto, Gazet.

Carazie. They are priuate to their wiſhes,
Mant. Doubt it not.
Gaz. A prettie ſtructure this! a court doe you call it?
Valted and arch'd: O heere has beene old iumbling
Behind this arras.
Car. Prethee let's haue ſome ſport,
With this freſh Codſhead.
Manto. I am out of tune,
But doe as you pleaſe. My conſcience! tuſh the hope
Of liberty throwes that burthen off,
I muſt goe watch, and make diſcouery. *Exit.*
Cara. He's muſing,
And vvill talke to himſelfe, he cannot hold,
The poore foole's rauiſh'd.
Gazet. I am in my maſters clothes,
They fit me to a hayre too, let but any
Indifferent gameſter meaſure vs inch, by inch,
Or vvaigh vs by the ſtandard, I may paſſe
I haue beene prou'd, and prou'd againe, true mettall.
Car. How he ſuruayes himſelfe.
Gaz. I haue heard that ſome
Haue fool'd themſelues at Court into good fortunes,
That neuer hop'd to thriue by wit in the City,
Or honeſty in the Countrey. If I doe not
Make the beſt laugh at me. Ile weepe for my ſelfe,
If they giue me hearing. Tis reſolu,d I'll trie
What may be done. By your fauour ſir, I pray you
Were you borne a Courtier?
Cara. No ſir, vvhy doe you aske?
Gaz. Becauſe I thought that none could be preferd,

But

But ſuch as were begot there.

Car. O ſir! many, and howſoere you are a Citizen borne,
Yet if your mother vvere a handſome vvoman,
And euer long'd to ſee a Maske at Court,
It is an euen lay but that you had
A Courtier to your Father; and I thinke ſo;
You beare your ſelfe ſo ſprightly.

Gaz. It may be,
But pray you ſir, had I ſuch an itch vpon me
To change my coppy, is there hope a place
May be had heere for money?

Car. Not without it
That I dare vvarrant you.

Gaz. I haue a pretty ſtocke,
And vvould not haue my good parts vndiſcouer'd,
What places of credit are there?

Car. There's your Beglerbeg.

Gaz. By no meanes that, it comes to neere the begger
And moſt prooue ſo that come there.

Car. Or your Sanzacke.

Gaz. Sauſ-iacke fie none of that.

Car. Your Chiaus.

Gaz. Nor that.

Car. Chiefe Gardiner.

Gaz. Out vpon't,
Twill put me mind my Mother was an herb-woman,
What is your place I pray you?

Car. Sir an Euenuch.

Gaz. An Euenuch! very fine, I faith, an Euenuch!
And what are your employments? neate and eaſie.

Car. In the day I waite on my Lady when ſhe cares,
Carry her pantophles, beare vp her trayne
Sing her aſleepe at night, and when ſhe pleaſes
I am her bedfellow.

Gaz. How? her bedfellow,
And lye with her?

Car. Yes, and lye with her.

Gaz. O rare!
Ile be an Eunuch, though I ſell my ſhop for't
And all my wares.
Car. It is but parting with
A precious ſtone or two. I know the price on't.
Gaz. Ile part with all my ſtones, and when I am
An Eunuch, Ile ſo toſſe and towſe the Ladies;
Pray you helpe me to a chapman.
Car. The court Surgion
Shall doe you that fauour.
Gaz. I am made! an Eunuch! *Enter Manto.*
Manto. Carazie, quit the roome.
Car. Come ſir, wee'll treat of
Your buſineſſe further.
Gaz. Excellent! an Eunuch! *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scæna Quinta.

Enter Donuſa, Vitelli.

Vitelli, Leaue me, or I am loſt againe, no prayers,
No penitence, can redeeme me.
Donuſa. Am I growne
Olde, or deform'd ſince yeſterday?
Vitel. You are ſtill,
Although the ſating of your luſt hath ſullied
The imaculate whiteneſſe of your Virgin beauties,
Too fayre for me to looke on. And though pureneſſe,
The ſword with which you euer fought, and conquer'd,
Is raviſh'd from you by vnchaſte deſires,
You are too ſtrong for fleſh and blood to treat with,
Though iron grates were interpos'd betweene vs,
To warrant me from treaſon.
Donuſa. Whom doe you feare?
Vitel. That humane frailety I tooke from my mother,
That

That, as my youth increas'd, grew stronger on me,
That still pursues me, and though once recouer'd
In scorne of reason, and what's more, religion,
Againe seekes to betray me.

Donusa. If you meane sir,
To my embraces, you turne rebell to
The lawes of nature, the great Queene, and Mother
Of all productions, and denie alleageance.
Where you stand bound to pay it.

Vitel. I will stoppe
Mine eares against these charmes, which if *Vlysses*
Could liue againe, and heare this second Siren,
Though bound with Cables to his Mast, his Ship too
Fasten'd with all her Anchors, this inchantment
Would force him in despite of all resistance,
To leape into the Sea, and follow her,
Although destruction with outstretch'd armes,
Stood ready to receaue him.

Donusa. Gentle sir,
Though you deny to heare me, yet vouchsafe
To looke vpon me. Though I vse no language
The griefe for this vnkind repulse, will print
Such a dumbe eloquence vpon my face,
As will not onely pleade, but preuaile for me.

Vitelli. I am a cowar'd, I will see and heere you,
The triall else is nothing, Nor the conquest,
My temperance shall crowne me with heereafter,
Worthy to be remembred. Vp my vertue
And holy thoughts, and resolutions arme me,
Against this fierce temptation; giue me voyce
Tun'd to a zealous anger to expresse
At what an ouerualue I haue purchas'd,
The vvanton treasure of your Virgin bounties,
That in their false fruition heape vpon me
Despayre, and horror; that I could with that ease
Redeeme my forfeit innocence, or cast vp
The poyson I receiu'd into my entrayles,

From

From the alluring cup of your inticements
As now I doe deliuer backe the price, *returnes the Casket.*
And salarie of your lust: or thus vncloth me
Of sins gay trappings, (the proud liuery *Throwes off his*
Of wicked pleasure) which but worn, and heated *cloke and*
With the fire of entertaynement, and consent, *doublet.*
Like to *Alcides* fatall shirt, teares off
Our flesh, and reputation both together,
Leauing our vlcerous follies bare, and open,
To all malicious censure.

Donn. You must grant,
If you hold that a losse to you, mine equals,
If not transcends it. If you then first tasted
That poyson as you call it, I brought with me
A palat vnacquainted with the relliſh
Of those delights which most (as I haue heard)
Greedily swallow; and then the offence
(If my opinion may be beleeu'd)
Is not so greate: how ere, the wrong no more
Then if *Hippolitus* and the Virgin Huntresse,
Should meete and kisse together.

Vitel. What defences
Can lust rayse to maintaine a precipice *Asambeg and*
To the Abisse of loosenes? but affords not *Musta. aboue*
The least stayre, or the fastening of one foote,
To reascend that glorious height we fell from.

Musta. By *Mahomet* she courts him.

Asam. Nay kneeles to him;
Obserue the scornefull villaine turnes away too,
As glorying in his conquest.

Donn. Are you Marble? *kneeles*
If Christians haue mothers, sure they share in
The tigresse fierceneſſe, for if you were owner
Of humane pitty, you could not indure
A Princes to kneele to you, or looke on
These falling teares which hardest rocks would soften,
And yet remaine vnmou'd. Did you but giue me

A taſt of happineſſe in your embraces
That the remembrance of the ſweeteneſſe of it
Might leaue perpetuall b.tternes behind it?
Or ſhew'd me vvhat it vvas to be a vvife,
To liue a vvidow euer?

Aſam. She has confeſt it; *Enter Capiaga, Aga,*
Ceiſe on him villaines. O the furies. *with others.*

Donuſa. How! *Aſambeg and Muſtapha deſcend.*
Are we betray'd?

Vitel. The better, I expected
A Turkiſh faith.

Donu. Who am I that you dare this?
Tis I that d.e command you to forbeare
A t.uch of violence.

Aga. We already Madam
Haue ſatisfied your pleaſure further then
Wee know to anſwere it.

Capi. Would we vvere vvell off,
We ſtand too far ingag'd I feare.

Donu. For vs?
We'll bring you ſafe off, who dares contradict
What is our pleaſure? *Enter Aſambeg, Muſtapha.*

Aſam. Spurne the dog to priſon,
I'll anſwere you anon.

Vitel. What puniſhment
So ere I vndergoe, I am ſtill a Chriſtian. *Ex. with Vitel.*

Donu. What bold preſumption's this? vnder what law
Am I to fall that ſet my foote vpon
Your Statutes and d.crees?

Muſta. The crime committed
Our Alcoran calls death.

Donu. Tuſh, vvho is heere
That is not *Amurahs* ſlaue, and ſo vnfit
To ſit a iudge vpon his blood?

Aſam. You haue loſt
And ſham'd the priueledge of it, rob'd me to
Of my ſoule, my vnderſtanding to behold

Your baſe vnworthy fall, from your high vertue.
Donu. I doe appeale to *Amurah.*
Aſam. We will offer
No violence to your perſon, till we know
His ſacred pleaſure, till when vnder gard
You ſhall continue heere.
Donuſa. Shall?
Aſam. I haue ſaid it. *The Gard leades off Donuſa.*
Donu. We ſhall remember this.
Aſam. It ill becomes
Such as are guilty to deliuer threats
Againſt the innocent. I could teare this fleſh now,
But tis in vaine, nor muſt I talke but do:
Prouide a well made galley for Conſtantinople,
Such ſad newes neuer came to our great Maſter;
As hee directs, we muſt proceed, and know
No will but his, to whom what's ours we owe.

Exeunt.

The end of the third Act.

Actus Quartus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Maſter, Boteſwaine.

Maſter. He does begin to eate?
Boteſ. A little, Maſter,
But our beſt hope for his recouery, is that
His rauing leaues him, and thoſe dreadfull words,
Damnation, and deſpayre, with which he euer
Ended all his diſcourſes are forgotten.
Maſt. This ſtranger is a moſt religious man ſure,
And I am doubtfull whether his charity,
In the relieuing of our wants, or care
To cure the wounded conſcience of *Grimaldi*,

Deſerues

Deſerues more admiration.

Boteſ. Can you gueſſe
What the reaſon ſhould be that we neuer mention
The Church, or the high Altar, but his melancholie
Growes, and increaſes on him?

Maiſt. I haue heard him
(When he gloried to profeſſe himſelfe an Atheiſt,)
Talke often and with much delight and boaſting,
Of a rude prancke he did ere he turn'd Pirat,
The memory of which, as it appeares,
Lies heauy on him.

Boteſ. Pray you let me vnderſtand it.

Maiſt. Vpon a ſolemne day when the whole City
Ioyn'd in deuotion, and with barefoote ſteps
Paſs'd to S. *Markes*, the Duke and the whole Signiory,
Helping to perfit the Religious pompe,
With which they were receaued; when all men elſe
Were full of teares, and gron'd beneath the waight
Of paſt offences (of whoſe heauy burden
They came to be abſolu'd and freed,) our Captaine,
Whether in ſcorne of thoſe ſo pious rites
He had no feeling of, or elſe drawne to it
Out of a wanton irreligious madneſſe,
(I know not which) ranne to the holy man,
As he was of doing the worke of grace,
And ſnatching from his hands the ſanctifide meanes
Daſh'd it vpon the pauement.

Boteſ. How eſcaped he?
It being a deede deſeruing death with torture.

Maſt. The generall amazement of the people
Gaue him leaue to quit the Temple, and a Gundelo,
(Prepar'd it ſeemes before) brought him aboard,
Since which he nere ſaw Venice. The remembrance
Of this, it ſeemes, torments him; aggrauated
With a ſtrong beleefe he cannot receaue pardon
For this fowle fact, but from his hands againſt whom
It was committed.

Boteſ. And vvhat courſe intendes
His heauenly Phyſitian, reuerend *Franciſco*,
To beate downe this opinion.
Maſt. He promis'd
To vſe ſome holy and religious fineneſſe,
To this good end, and in the meane time charg'd me
To keepe him darke, and to admit no viſitants
But on no termes to croſſe him. Heere he comes.

Enter Grimaldi, With a Booke.

Gri. For theft! he that reſtores trebble the value,
Makes ſatisfaction, and for want of meanes
To doe ſo, as a ſlaue muſt ſerue it out
Till he hath made full payment. Ther's hope left heere
O vvith vvhat vvil ingneſſe vvould I giue vp
My liberty to thoſe that I haue pillag'd
And vviſh the numbers of my yeeres though waſted
In the moſt ſordid ſlauery might equall
The rapines I haue made, till with one voyce
My patient ſufferings, might exact from my
Moſt cruell creditors, a full remiſſion,
An eies loſſe with an eie, limbs with a limb,
A ſad accompt! yet to finde peace within heere,
Though all ſuch as I haue maim'd, and diſmembred
In drunken quarrells, or orecome with rage
When they were giu'n vp to my power, ſtood heere now
And cride for reſtitution: to appeaſe 'em,
I vvould doe a bloody iuſtice on my ſelfe;
Pull out theſe eies that guided me to rauiſh
Their ſight from others; lop theſe legs that bore me
To barbarous violence, with this hand cut off
This inſtrument of wrong, till nought were left me
But this poore bleeding limbleſſe truncke, which gladly

I would

I vvould diuide among them.
Ha! what thinke I
Of petty forfeitures, in this reuerend habit,
(All that I am turnd into cies) I looke on
A deede of mine so fiendlike, that repentance,
Though with my teares I taught the sea new tides,
Can neuer wash off; all my thefts, my rapes
Are veniall trespasses compar'd to what
I offer'd to that shape, and in a place too
Where I stood bound to kneele to't. *kneeles*

Enter Francisco in a Cope like a Bishop.

Fran. Tis forgiuen,
I with his tongue (whom in these sacred vestments
With impure hands thou didst offend) pronounce it,
I bring peace to thee, see that thou deserue it
In thy fayre life hereafter.
Gri. Can it bee!
Dare I beleeue this vision, or hope
A pardon ere may finde me?
Fran. Purchase it
By zealous vndertakings, and no more
T'will be remembred.
Gri. What celestiall balme
I feele now pour'd into my wounded conscience?
What penance is there Ile not vndergoe
Though nere so sharpe and rugged, with more pleasure
Then flesh and blood ere tasted, shew me true sorrow,
Arm'd vvith an iron vvhip, and I vvill meete
The stripes she brings along vvith her, as if
They vvere the gentle touches of a hand,
That comes to cure me. Can good deeds redeeme me?
I vvill raise vp a vvonder to the vvorld,
When I haue giuen strong proofes how I am altred,
I that

I that haue ſold ſuch as profeſt the Faith,
That I was borne in, to captiuity,
Will make their number equall, that I ſhall
Deliuer from the oare; and vvinne as many
By the cleereneſſe of my actions, to looke on
Their misbeleefe, and loth it. I will be
A conuoy for all Marchants: and thought vvorthy
To be reported to the vvorld heereafter,
The child of your deuotion, nurs'd vp
And made ſtrong by your charity, to breake through
All dangers Hell can bring foorth to oppoſe me;
Nor am I though my fortunes were thought deſperate,
Now you haue reconcil'd me to my ſelfe,
So voyd of vvorldly meanes, but in deſpight
Of the proud Viceroyes, vvrongs I can doe ſomething
To vvitneſſe of my change; when you pleaſe trye me,
And I will perfit vvhat you ſhall inioyne me,
Or fall a ioyfull Martyr.

Fran. You vvill reape
The comfort of it, liue yet vndiſcouer'd,
And vvith your holy meditations ſtrengthen
Your Chriſtian reſolution, ere long
You ſhall heare further from me.

Grimal. I'll attend *Exit Franciſco.*
All your commands with patience; come my Mates,
I hitherto haue liu'd an ill example,
And as your Captaine lead you on to miſchiefe,
But now vvill truely labour, that good men
May ſay heereafter of me to my glory,
Let but my power and meanes, hande vvith my vvill,
His good endeuours, did waigh downe his ill.

Exeunt Grimaldi, Maſter, Boteſwaine.

Enter Franciſco.

Fran. This penitence is not counterfeit, howſoeuer
Good actions are in themſelues rewarded,
My trauailes to meete vvith a double crowne,
If that *Vitelli* come off ſafe, and prooue

Himſelfe

Himſelfe the Maſter of his vvilde affections, *Enter Gaz.*
O I ſhall haue intelligence, how now *Gazet*,
Why theſe ſad lookes and teares?
Gaz. Teares ſir? I haue loſt
My worthy Maſter, your rich heyre ſeemes to mourne for
A miſerable father, your young vvidow
Following a bedrid husband to his graue,
Would haue her neighbours thinke ſhe cries, and rores,
That ſhe muſt part vvith ſuch a goodman doe nothing,
When t'is becauſe he ſtayes ſo long aboue ground,
And hinders a rich ſuitor: all is come out ſir,
We are ſmok'd for being cunnicatchers, my maſter
Is put in priſon, his ſhe cuſtomer
Is vnder garde to, theſe are things to weepe for;
But mine owne loſſe conſiderd, and vvhat a fortune
I haue, as they ſay, ſnatch'd out of my chops,
Would make a man runne mad.
Fran. I ſcarce haue leaſure,
I am ſo wholy taken vp vvith ſorrow,
For my lou'de pupill to enquire thy fate,
Yet I vvill heare it.
Gaz. Why ſir, I had bonght a place,
A place of credit to, and had gone through with it
I ſhould haue beene made an Eunuch, there was honour,
For a late poore prentice, when vpon the ſuddaine
There was ſuch a hurleburley in the Court,
That I was glad to runne away and carry
The price of my office with me.
Fran. Is that all?
You haue made a ſauing voyage; we muſt thinke now,
Though not to free, to comfort ſad *Vitelli*,
My greeu'd ſoule ſuffers for him.
Gazet. I am ſad too;
But had I beene an Eunuch
Fran. Thinke not on it.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus, Scæna Secunda.

Enter Asambeg. vnlocks the doore, leades forth Paulina.

Asam. Be your owne gard; obsequiousnesse, and seruice
Shall winne you to be mine. Of all restraint
For euer take your leaue, no threats shall awe you,
No iealous doubts of mine disturbe your freedome,
No fee'd spies, wayte vpon your steps, your vertue
And due consideration in your selfe,
Of what is Noble, are the faithfull helps
I leaue you as supporters to defend you,
From falling basely.

Paul. This is vvondrous strange
Whence flowes this alteration?

Asam. From true iudgement,
And strong assurance, neither grates of iron,
Hemde in vvith vvalls of brasse, stricte gards, high birth,
The forfeiture of Honour, nor the feare
Of infamie, or punishment, can stay
A woman slaude to appetite from being
False, and vnworthy.

Paul. You are growne Satyricall
Against our sex, vvhy sir I durst produce
My selfe in our defence, and from you challenge
A testimony not to be deni'd,
All fall not vnder this vnequall censure,
I that haue stood your flatteries, your threats
Bore vp against your fierce temptations; scorn'd
The cruell meanes you practis'd to supplant me,
Hauing no armes to helpe me, to hold out
But loue of piety, and constant goodnesse,
If you are vnconfirm'd, dare againe bouldly

Enter

Enter into the liſts, and combat vvith
All oppoſites mans malice can bring forth
To ſhake me in my chaſtetie built vpon
The rocke of my religion.
Aſam. I doe vviſh
I could beleeue you, but vvhen I ſhall ſhew you
A moſt incredible example of
Your frayletie in a Princeſſe, ſu'de and ſought to
By men of worth, of ranck, of eminence; courted
By happineſſe it ſelfe, and her cold temper
Approou'd by many yeeres; yet ſhe to fall,
Fall from her ſelfe, her glories, nay her ſafet,
Into a gulfe of ſhame, and blacke deſpayre,
I thinke you'll doubt your ſelfe, or in beholding
Her puniſhment for euer be deterde
From yeelding baſely.
Paul. I vvould ſee this vvonder;
Tis ſir my firſt petition.
Aſam. And thus granted;
Aboue you ſhall obſerue all. *Paul. ſteps aſide. Enter Muſt.*
Muſt. Sir I ſought you
And muſt relate a vvonder, ſince I ſtudied
And knew vvhat man vvas, I vvas neuer vvitneſſe
Of ſuch inuincible fortitude as this Chriſtian
Showes in his ſufferings, all the torments that
We could preſent him vvith to fright his conſtancy
Confirm'd, not ſhooke it; and thoſe heauy chaines
That eate into his fleſh, appear'd to him
Like bracelets made of ſome lou'd miſtriſſe hayres
We kiſſe in the remembrance of her fauours.
I am ſtrangely taken vvith it, and haue loſt
Much of my furie.
Aſam. Had he ſuffer'd poorely
It had call'd on my contempt, but manly patience
And all commanding vertue, wins vpon
An enemy. I ſhall thinke vpon him, ha! *Enter Aga with*
So ſoone return'd? this ſpeede pleads in excuſe *a black box.*

Of your late fault, which I no more remember.
What's the grand Signiors pleasure?

Aga. Tis inclos'd heere
The box to, that contaynes it, may informe you
How he stands affected: I am trusted with
Nothing but this, on forfeit of your head
She must haue a speedy triall.

Asam. Bring her in
In blacke as to her funerall, tis the colour
Her fault wils her to weare, and which, in iustice
I dare not pitty, sit and take your place,
Howeuer in her life she has degenerated
May she die nobly, and in that confirme
Her greatnesse, and high blood.

A solemne musicque. A garde. The Aga, and Capiaga, leading in Donnsa in blacke, her trayne borne vp by Carazie, and Manto.

Musta. I now could melt;
But soft compassion leaue me.

Fran. I am affrighted
With this dismall preparation. Should the enioying
Of loose desires finde euer such conclusions,
All Women would be Vestalls.

Donn. That you cloth me
In this sad liuery of death, assures me
Your sentence is gone out before, and I
To late am cald, for, in my guilty cause
To vse qualification, or excuse —
Yet must I not part so with mine owne strengths,
But borrow from my modesty boldnesse, to
Enquire by whose authority you sit
My iudges, and whose warrant digs my graue
In the frownes you dart against my life?

Asam. See heere
This fatall signe, and warrant this brought to

A Generall fighting in the head of his
Victorious troopes, rauiſhes from his hand
His euen then conquering ſword; this ſhowne vnto
The Sultans brothers, or his ſonnes, deliuers
His deadly anger, and all hopes lay'd by
Commands them to prepare themſelues for heauen.
Which would ſtand with the quiet of your ſoule
To thinke vpon, and imitate.

Donuſa. Giue me leaue
A little to complayne, firſt of the hard
Condition of my fortune, which may moue you
Though not to riſe vp interceſſors for me
(Yet in remembrance of my former life,
This being the firſt ſpot, tainting mine honor)
To be the meanes to bring me to his preſence;
And then I doubt not, but I could alleage
Such reaſons in mine owne defence, or pleade
So humbly (my teares helpinge) that it ſhould
Awake his ſleeping pitty.

Aſam. Tis in vayne.
If you haue ought to ſay you ſhall haue hearing,
And in me thinke him preſent.

Donuſa. I would thus then
Firſt kneele, and kiſſe his feete, and after tell him
How long I had beene his darling, what delight
My infant yeeres afforded him; how deere
Hee prizde his ſiſter, in both bloods, my mother;
That ſhe like him had frailety, that to me
Deſcends as an inheritance, then coniure him
By her bleſt aſhes, and his fathers ſoule,
The ſword that rides vpon his thigh, his right hand
Holding the Scepter and the Ottoman fortune,
To haue compaſſiion on me.

Aſam. But ſuppoſe
(As I am ſure) he would be deafe, what then
Could you inferre?

Donuſa. I then would thus riſe vp,

And to his teeth tell him he was a tyrant,
A moſt voluptuous, and inſatiable Epicure
In his owne pleaſures: which he hugs ſo deerely,
As proper, and peculiar to himſelfe,
That he denies a moderate lawfull vſe
Of all delight to others. And to thee
Vnequall iudge I ſpeake as much, and charge thee
But with impartiall eies to looke into
Thy ſelfe, and then conſider with what iuſtice
Thou canſt pronounce my ſentence. Vnkind nature,
To make weake women ſeruants, proud men Maſters
Indulgent *Mahomet*, doe thy bloudy lawes
Call my embraces vvith a Chriſtian, death?
Hauing my heate and May of youth to pleade
In my excuſe? and yet want power to puniſh
Theſe that vvith ſcorne breake throgh thy Cobweb edicts
And laugh at thy decrees? to tame their luſts
There's no religious bit, let her be fayre
And pleaſing to the eye, though Perſian, Moore,
Idolatreſſe, Turke, or Chriſtian, you are priueledg'd
And freely may enioy her. At this inſtant
I know, vniuſt man, thou haſt in thy power
A louely Chriſtian Virgin; thy offence
Equall, if not tranſcending mine, vvhy then
We being both guilty doeſt thou not deſcend
From that vſurp'd Tribunall and vvith me
Walke hand in hand to death?

Aſam. She raues, and vve
Looſe time to heare her: reade the Law,

Donuſa. Doe, doe,
I ſtand reſolu'd to ſuffer.

Aſa. If any Virgin of what degree or quality ſoeuer, borne a naturall Turke, ſhall bee conuicted of corporall looſeneſſe, and incontinence, with any Chriſtian, ſhe is by the decree of our great Prophet *Mahomet* to looſe her head.

Aſam. Marke that, then taxe our iuſtice.

Aga. Euer prouided that if ſhee, the ſayd offender, by any reaſons, arguments or perſwaſion, can win and preuaile with the ſayd Chriſtian offending with her, to alter his religion, and marry her, that then the winning of a ſoule to the *Mahometan* ſect, ſhall acquit her from all ſhame, diſgrace and puniſhment whatſoeuer.

Donu. I lay hold on that clauſe and challenge from you
The prieuledge of the Law.

Muſta. What will you doe?

Donu. Grant me acceſſe and meanes, I'l vndertake
To turne this Chriſtian Turke, and marry him:
This triall you cannot denie.

Muſt. O baſe!
Can feare to die make you deſcend ſo low
From your high birth, and brand the *Ottaman* line
With ſuch a marke of infamy?

Aſam. This is worſe
Then the parting with your honour, better ſuffer
Ten thouſand deaths, and without hope to haue
A place in our great Prophets Paradice,
Then haue an acte to after times remembred
So foule as this is.

Muſta. Cheere your ſpirits Madam,
To die is nothing, tis but parting with
A mountaine of vexations.

Aſam. Thinke of your honour;
In dying nobly you make ſatisfaction
For your offence, and you ſhall liue a ſtory
Of bould Heroicke courage.

Donu. You ſhall not foole me
Out of my life, I claime the Law and ſue for
A ſpeedy triall; if I fayle, you may
Determine of me as you pleaſe.

Aſam. Baſe woman!
But vſe thy wayes, and ſee thou proſper in 'em
For if thou fall againe into my power
Thou ſhalt in vaine after a thouſand tortures

Cry out, for death, that death which now thou flieſt from
Vnlooſe the priſoners chaynes, goe leade her on
To try the Magique of her tongue; I follow:
I am on the racke, deſcend my beſt *Paulina.*

Actus Quartus. Scæna Tertia.

Enter Franciſo, Iaylor.

Fran. I come not empty handed, I will purchaſe
Your fauour at what rate you pleaſe. There's gold.
Iaylor, Tis the beſt oratory. I will hazard
A checke for your content below there?
Vitelli, Welcome. *Vitelli vnder the Stage.*
Art thou the happy meſſenger that brings me
Newes of my death?
Iay. Your hand. *Vitelli plack'd vp.*
Fran. Now if you pleaſe,
A little priuacie.
Iay. You haue bought it ſir,
Enioy it freely. *Exit Iaylor.*
Fran. O my deereſt pupill,
Witneſſe theſe teares of ioy, I neuer ſaw you
Till now looke louely; nor durſt I ere glory
In the mind of any man I had built vp
With the hands of vertuous, and religious precepts,
Till this glad minute. Now you haue made good
My expectation of you. By my order,
All Roman *Cæſars*, that ledde kings in chaines
Faſt bound to their triumphant chariots, if
Compar'd with that true glory, and full luſter
You now appeare in, all their boaſted honors
Purchas'd with blood, and wrong, would looſe their names
And be no more remembred.
Vitelli, This applauſe

Confirm'd

Confirm'd in your allowance ioyes me more,
Then if a thousand full cram'd Theaters
Should clap their eager hands to witnesse that
The Scene I act did please, and they admire it.
But these are (father) but beginnings, not
The ends of my high aimes. I grant to haue master'd
The rebell appetite of flesh and blood
Was far aboue my strength; and still owe for it
To that great power that lent it. But when I
Shall make't apparant, the grimme lookes of death
Affright me not, and that I can put off
The fonde desire of life (that like a garment
Couers, and clothes our frailty) hastening to
My Martirdome, as to a heauenly banquet,
To which I was a choyce inuited guest.
Then you may boldly say, you did not plough
Or trust the barren, and vngratefull sands
With the fruitfull graine of your religious counsels.

Fran. You doe instruct your teacher. Let the Sun
Of your cleere life (that lends to good men light)
But set as gloriously, as it did rise,
Though sometimes clouded) you may write *nil vltra*
To humane wishes.

Vitel. I haue almost gain'd
The end of the race, and will not faynt, or tire now.

Enter Aga and Iaylor.

Aga. Sir by your leaue (nay stay not) I bring comfort;
The Viceroy taken with the constant bearing
Of your afflictions, and presuming to
You will not change your temper, does command
Your irons should be tane off. Now arme your selfe
With your olde resolution, suddenly *the chayne taken off.*
You shall be visited, you must leaue the roome to
And doe it without reply.

Fran. There's no contending,
Bee still thy selfe my sonne. *Exit Francisco.*

Vitel. Tis not in man *Enter Donn. Asam, Musa. Paul.*

To

To change or alter me.
Paul. Whom doe I looke on?
My brother? tis he! but no more my tongue,
Thou wilt betray all.
Asam. Let vs heare this temptreſſe,
The fellow lookes as he would ſtop his eares
Againſt her powerfull ſpels.
Paul. He is vndone elſe.
Vitel. I'll ſtand th' incounter, charge me home.
Donu. I come ſir, *bowes her ſelfe.*
A begger to you, and doubt not to finde
A good mans charity, which if you denie,
You are cruell to your ſelfe, a crime, a wiſeman
(And ſuch I hold you) would not willingly
Be guilty of, nor let it find leſſe welcome
Though I (a creature you contemne) now ſhew you
The way to certaine happineſſe, nor thinke it
Imaginarie, or phantaſticall,
And ſo not vvorth th'acquiring, in reſpect
The paſſage to it is nor rough nor thornie;
No ſteepe hills in the way which you muſt climbe vp;
No monſters to be conquer'd; no inchantments
To be diſſolu'd by counter charmes, before
You take poſſeſſion of it.
Vitel. What ſtrong poyſon
Is wrap'd vp in theſe ſugred pills?
Donu. My ſuite is
That you vvould quit your ſhoulders of a burthen
Vnder vvhoſe ponderous vvaight you vvilfully
Haue too long groan'd, to caſt thoſe fetters off, (dome
With vvhich vvith your own hands you chaine your free-
Forſake a ſeuere, nay imperious miſtreſſe,
Whoſe ſeruice does exact perpetuall cares,
Watchings, and troubles, and giue entertainement
To one that courts you, whoſe leaſt fauours are
Variety, and choyce of all delights
Mankind is capable of.

Vitelli.

Vitel. You ſpeake in riddles.
What burthen, or what miſtriſſe? or what fetters?
Are thoſe you poynt at?
Donn. Thoſe which your religion,
The miſtreſſe you too long haue ſeru'd, compells you
To beare with ſlaue-like patience.
Vitel. Ha!
Paul. How brauely
That vertuous anger ſhowes!
Donn. Be wiſe, and waigh
The proſperous ſucceſſe of things, if bleſſings
Are donatiues from Heauen (which you muſt grant
Were blaſphemy to queſtion) and that
They are call'd downe, and powr'd on ſuch as are
Moſt gracious with the great diſpoſer of 'em,
Looke on our flouriſhing Empire; if the ſplendor,
The Maieſtie, and glory of it dimme not
Your feeble ſight; and then turne backe, and ſee
The narrow bounds of yours, yet that poore remnant
Rent in as many factions, and opinions,
As you haue petty kingdomes, and then if
You are not obſtinate againſt truth and reaſon,
You muſt confeſſe the Deity you worſhip
Wants care, or power to helpe you.
Paul. Hold out now
And then thou art victorious.
Aſam. How he eies her!
Muſta. As if he would looke through her
Aſam. His eyes flame too,
As threatning violence.
Vitel. But that I know
The Diuell thy Tutor fills each part about thee,
And that I cannot play the exorciſt
To diſpoſſeſſe thee, vnleſſe I ſhould teare
Thy body limbe by limbe, and throw it to
The furies that expect it, I would now
Plucke out that wicked tongue, that hath blaſphem'd

That great omnipotency at whose nod
The fabricke of the World shakes. Dare you bring
Your iugling Prophet in comparison with
That most inscrutable, and infinite essence
That made this all, and comprehends his vvorke?
The place is too prophane to mention him
Whose onely name is sacred. O *Donusa!*
How much in my compassion I suffer,
That thou, on whom this most excelling forme
And faculties of discourse, beyond a vvoman,
Were by his liberall guift confer'd, should'st still
Remaine in ignorance of him that gaue it?
I vvill not foule my mouth to speake the Sorceries
Of your seducer, his base birth, his vvhoredomes,
His strange impostures; nor deliuer how
He taught a Pigeon to feede in his eare,
Then made his credulous followers beleeue
It vvas an Angell that instructed him
In the framing of his Alcoran. Pray you marke me.

Asam. These words are death, were he in nought elſe (guilty.

Vitelli. Your intent to winne me

To be of your beleefe proceeded from
Your feare to die. Can there be strength in that
Religion, that suffers vs to tremble
At that vvhich euery day, nay hower vvee hast to?

Donu. This is vnanswerable and there's something tolle (mee
I erre in my opinion.

Vitelli. Cherish it
It is a Heauenly prompter, entertaine
This holy motion, and weare on your forehead
The Sacred badge he armes His seruants vvith,
You shall, like mee, vvith scorne looke downe vpon
All engines tyranny can aduance to batter
Your constant resolution. Then you shall
Looke truely fayre, vvhen your minds purenesse answers
Your outward beauties.

Donusa. I came heere to take you,

But

But I perceiue a yeelding in my ſelfe
To be your priſoner.
Vitelli, Tis an ouerthrow
That will outſhine all victories. O *Donuſa*,
Dye in my faith like me, and tis a marriage
At vvhich celeſtiall Angels ſhall be vvaiters,
And ſuch as haue beene Sainted vvelcome vs,
Are you confirm'd?
Donu. I vvould bee; but the meanes
That may aſſure mee?
Vitelli, Heauen is mercifull,
And vvill not ſuffer you to vvant a man,
To doe that ſacred office, build vpon it.
Donu. Then thus I ſpit at *Mahomet*.
Aſam Stoppe her mouth:
In death to turne Apoſtata! Ile not heare
One ſillable from any; wretched creature!
With the next riſing Sunne prepare to die.
Yet Chriſtian, in reward of thy braue courage,
Bee thy faith right, or vvrong, receiue this fauour.
In perſon Ile attend thee to thy death,
And bouldly challenge all that I can giue
But what's not in my grant, which is to liue. *Exeunt.*

The end of the fourth Act.

Actus Quintus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Vitelli, Franciſco.

Fran. You are wondrous braue, and iocound.
Vitelli. Welcome Father.
Should I ſpare coſt, or not weare cheerefull lookes
Vpon my wedding day, it were omenous
And ſhew'd I did repent it, which I dare not,
It being a marriage, howſoeuer ſad

In the firſt ceremonies that confirme it,
That will for euer arme me againſt feares,
Repentance, doubts, or iealouſies, and bring
Perpetuall comforts, peace of minde, and quiet
To the glad couple.

Fran. I well vnderſtand you;
And my full ioy to ſee you ſo reſolu'd
Weake words cannot expreſſe. What is the howre
Deſign'd for this ſolemnity?

Vitel. The ſixth,
Something before the ſetting of the Sun
We take our laſt leaue of his fading light,
And with our ſoules eies ſeeke for beames eternall,
Yet there's one ſcruple with which I am much
Perplex'd, and troubl'd, which I know you can
Reſolue me of.

Fran. What is't?

Vitelli. This ſir, my Bride
Whom I firſt courted, and then wonne (not with
Looſe layes, poore flatteries, apiſh complements,
But Sacred, and Religious zeale) yet wants
The holy badge that ſhould proclaime her fit
For theſe Celeſtiall Nuptialls; vvilling ſhe is,
I know, to weare it, as the choiceſt iewell
On her fayre forehead; but to you, that well
Could doe that vvorke of Grace, I know the Viceroy
Will neuer grant acceſſe. Now in a caſe
Of this neceſſity, I vvould gladly learne,
Whether in me a layman, vvithout orders,
It may not be religious, and lawfull
As vve goe to our deaths to doe that office?

Fran. A queſtion in it ſelfe, vvith much eaſe anſwer'd;
Midwiues vpon neceſſity performe it,
And Knights that in the Holy-Land fought for
The freedome of Hieruſalem, vvhen full
Of ſweat, and enemies blood, haue made their Helmets
The fount, out of vvhich vvith their holy hands

They

They drew that heauenly liquor, 't vvas approu'd then
By the Holy Church, nor must I thinke it now
In you a vvorke lesse pious.
Vitel. You confirme me,
I vvill find a way to doe it. In the meane time
Your holy vowes assist me.
Fran. They shall euer
Be present vvith you.
Vitel. You shall see me act
This last Scæne to the life.
Fran. And though now fall,
Rise a bles'd Martyr.
Vitel. That's my end, my all. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus, Scæna Secunda.

Enter Grimaldi, Master, Boteswaine, Saylors.

Botes. Sir, if you slip this opportunity,
Neuer expect the like.
Mast. With as much ease now
We may steale the ship out of the harbor, Captaine,
As euer Gallants in a vvanton brauery
Haue set vpon a drunken Constable,
And bore him from a sleepy ruggown'd vvatch:
Be therefore vvise.
Gri. I must be honest too
And you shall weare that shape, you shall obserue me,
If that you purpose to continue mine,
Thinke you ingratitude can be the parent
To our vnfayn'd repentance? doe I owe
A peace vvithin heere, Kingdoms could not purchase,
To my religious creditor, to leaue him
Open to danger, the great benefit
Neuer remembred? no, though in her bottome
We could stow vp the tribute of the Turke,

Nay, grant the passage safe too: I will neuer
Consent to waigh an Anchor vp, till hee,
That onely must, commands it.
Botsw. This Religion
Will keepe vs slaues and Beggars.
Mast. The Fiend prompts me
To change my coppy: Plague vpon't, we are Seamen,
What haue we to doe with't, but for a snatch, or so,
At the end of a long Lent?
Botesw. Mum, see who is here? *Enter Francisco.*
Grim. My Father!
Fran. My good conuert. I am full
Of serious businesse which denies me leaue
To holde long conference with you: Onely thus much
Briefely receiue; a day, or two, at the most
Shall make me fit to take my leaue of Tunis,
Or giue me lost for euer.
Grim. Dayes, nor yeares,
Prouided, that my stay may doe you seruice,
But to me shall be minuits.
Franc. I much thanke you:
In this small scrole you may in priuate reade
What my intents are, and as they growe ripe
I will instruct you further. In the meane time
Borrow your late distracted lookes, and gesture;
The more deiected you appeare, the lesse
The Viceroy must suspect you.
Grim. I am nothing,
But what you please to haue me be.
Franc. Farewell sir,
Be cheerefull Master, something we will doe
That shall reward it selfe in the performance,
And that's true prize indeede.
Mast. I am obedient. *Exeunt. Grimaldi.*
Botesw. And I, there's no contending. *Mast. Botsw.*
Fran. Peace to you all.
Prosper thou great Existence my endeauours,

As

As they religiously are vndertaken,
And distant equally from seruile gaine, *Enter Paul. Carzi, and Manto.*
Or glorious ostentation. I am heard
In this blest opportunity, which in vaine
I long haue waited for. I must show my selfe.
O she has found me. Now if she prooue right
All hope will not forsake vs.

Paul. Farther off,
And in that distance know your duties too.
You were bestowed on me as slaues to serue me
And not as spies to prie into my actions,
And after to betray me. You shall finde
If any looke of mine be vnobserv'd,
I am not ignorant of a mistresse power,
And from whom I receiue it.

Cara. Note this, *Manto.*
The pride, and scorne, with which she entertaynes vs
Now we are made hers by the Viceroyes guift.
Our sweete condition'd princesse, fayre *Donusa*,
Rest in her death waite on her, neuer vs'd vs
With such contempt. I would he had sent me
To the Gallies, or the Gallows, when he gaue me
To this proude little diuell.

Manto. I expect
All tyrannous vsage, but I must be patient;
And though ten times a day, she teares these locks,
Or makes this face her footstoole, tis but iustice.

Paul. Tis a true story of my fortunes, father,
My chastity preseru'd by miracle,
Or your deuotions for me; and beleeue it,
What outward pride so ere I counterfeite,
Or state to these appoynted to attend me,
I am not in my disposition alter'd,
But still your humble daughter and share with you
In my poore brothers sufferings, all hels torments
Reuenge it on accurs'd *Grimaldies* soule
That in his rape of me gaue a beginning

To

To all the miseries that since haue follow'd
Fran. Be charitable, and forgiue him gentle daughter;
Hee's a chang'd man, and may redeeme his fault
In his faire life hereafter. You must beare too
Your forc'd captiuity (for tis no better,
Though you weare golden fetters) and of him,
Whom death affrights not, learne to hold out nobly.
Paul. You are still the same good counsellor.
Fran. And who knowes
(Since what aboue is purpos'd, is inscrutable)
But that the Viceroyes extreme dotage on you
May be the parent of a happier birth
Then yet our hopes dare fashion. Longer conference
May prooue vnsafe for you, and me, howeuer
Perhaps for triall he allowes you freedome. *deliuers a*
From this learne therefore what you must attempt, *paper.*
Though with the hazarde of your selfe, heauen gard you,
And giue *Vitelli* patience, then I doubt not
But he will haue a glorious day since some
Hold truely, such as suffer, ouercome. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus, Scæna Tertia.

Enter Asambeg, Mustapha, Aga, Capiaga.

Asam. What we commanded, see perform'd, and faylence
In all things to be punctuall.
Aga. We shall sir. *Exeunt Aga, Capiaga.*
Must. Tis strange that you should vse such circumstance
To a delinquent of so meane condition.
Asam. Had he appear'd in a more sordid shape
Then disguis'd greatenes euer dain'd to maske in,
The gallant bearing of his present fortune
A loud proclaimes him noble.
Musta If you doubt him,
To be a man built vp for great imployments,

And

And as a cunning ſpie ſent to explore
The Cities ſtrength, or weakeneſſe, you by torture
May force him to diſcouer it.

Aſam. That were baſe;
Nor dare I doe ſuch iniury to Vertue
And bold aſſured courage, neither can I
Be wonne to thinke, but if I ſhould attempt it,
I ſhoote againſt the Moone. He that hath ſtood
The rougheſt battery, that captiuity
Could euer bring to ſhake a conſtant temper,
Deſpis'd the fawnings of a future greatneſſe,
By beauty in her full perfection tender'd;
That heares of death as of a quiet ſlumber,
And from the ſurpluſage of his owne firmeneſſe
Can ſpare enough of fortitude, to aſſure
A feeble woman; vvill now, *Muſtapha*
Be alter'd in his ſoule for any torments
We can afflict his body vvith?

Muſta. Doe your pleaſure,
I only offer'd you a friends aduice,
But vvithout gall, or enuy to the man
That is to ſuffer. But vvhat doe you determine
Of poore *Grimaldi*? the diſgrace cal'd on him
I heere has ran him madde.

Aſam. There waigh the difference
In the true temper of their minds. The one,
A Pirat ſould to miſchiefes, rapes, and all
That make a ſlaue relentleſſe, and obdurate;
Yet of himſelfe vvanting the inward ſtrengths
That ſhould defend him, ſinkes beneath compaſſion
Or pitty of a man; vvhere as this marchant,
Acquainted only vvith a ciuill life,
Arm'd in himſelfe; intrench'd, and fortifide
With his owne vertue, valewing life and death,
At the ſame price, poorely does not inuite
A fauour, but commands vs doe him right,
Which vnto him, and her (we both once honour'd

As a iuſt debt I gladly pay'm ; they enter,
Now ſit wee equall hearers.

A dreadfull muſicke, at one doore ;
The Aga, Ianizaries, Vitelli, Franciſco, Gazet : at the other, Donuſa, Paulina, Carazie, Manto.

Muſta. I ſhall heare
And ſee, ſir, without paſſion, my wrongs arme me.

Vitel. A ioyfull preparation ! To whoſe bountie
Owe vvee our thankes for gracing thus our Himen?
The notes though dreadfull to the eare, ſound heere
As our *Epithalamium* were ſung
By a Cæleſtiall quire, and a full *Chorus*
Aſſurde vs future happineſſe. Theſe that leade me
Gaze not with wanton eyes vpon my bride,
Nor for their ſeruice are repayde by me
With iealouſies, or feares ; nor doe they enuy
My paſſage to thoſe pleaſures from which death
Cannot deterre me. Great ſir pardon me ;
Imagination of the ioyes I haſte to,
Made me forget my duty, but the forme
And ceremony paſt, I will attend you,
And with our conſtant reſolution feaſt you,
Not with courſe cates, forgot aſſoone as taſted,
But ſuch as ſhall, while you haue memory,
Be pleaſing to the palate.

Fran. Bee not loſt
In what you purpoſe. *Exit Franciſco.*

Gaz. Call you this a marriage?
It differs little from hanging, I cry at it.

Vite. See where my bride appeares ! in what full luſter?
As if the Virgins that beare vp her trayne,
Had long contended to receiue an honor
Aboue their births, in doing her this ſeruice.
Nor comes ſhe fearefull to meete thoſe delights,
Which once paſt ore, immortall pleaſures follow.
I need not therefore comfort, or encourage

Her

Her forwarde ſteps, and I ſhould offer wrong
To her minds fortitude, ſhould I but aske
How ſhe can brooke the rough high going Sea,
Ouer whoſe foamie backe our ſhippe well rig'd
With hope and ſtrong aſſurance muſt tranſport vs.
Nor will I tell her when we reach the Hauen
(Which tempeſts ſhall not hinder) what loud vvelcoms
Shall entertaine vs; nor commend the place,
To tell vvhoſe leaſt perfection vvould ſtrike dumbe
The eloquence of all boaſted in ſtory,
Though ioynd together.

Dona. Tis enough my deereſt;
I dare not doubt you, as your humble ſhadow
Leade vvhere you pleaſe, I follow.

Vitelli. One ſuite ſir,
And vvillingly I ceaſe to be a begger,
And that you may vvith more ſecurity heare it,
Know tis not life Ile aske, nor to deferre
Our deaths, but a few minutes.

Aſam. Speake, tis granted.

Vitel. We being now to take our lateſt leaue
And growne of one beleefe, I doe deſire
I may haue your allowance to performe it
But in the faſhion vvhich vve Chriſtians vſe
Vpon the like occaſions.

Aſam. Tis allow'd of.

Vitel. My ſeruice; haſte *Gazet* to the next ſpring,
And bring me of it.

Gazet. Would I could aſwell
Fetch you a pardon, I vvould not run but flie,
And be heere in a moment.

Muſta. What's the myſtery
Of this? diſcouer it?

Vitel. Great ſir, I'll tell you,
Each countrey hath it's owne peculiar rites,
Some vvhen they are to die drinke ſtore of vvine,
Which powr'd in liberally does oft beget

A baſtarde valour, with which armde, they beare
The not to bee declined charge of death
With leſſe feare, and aſtoniſhment; Others take
Drugs to procure a heauie ſleepe, that ſo
They may inſenſibly receiue the meanes
That caſts them in an euerlaſting ſlumber;
Others——O welcome. *Enter Gazet With Water.*

Aſam. Now the vſe of yours?

Vitel. The cleereneſſe of this is a perfit ſigne
Of innocence, and as this waſhes off
Staines, and pollutions from the things we vveare,
Throwne thus vpon the forehead, it hath power
To purge thoſe ſpots that cleue vpon the minde, *(Throwes*
If thankfully receiu'd. *it on her face.*

Aſam. Tis a ſtrange cuſtome!

Vitel. How doe you entertaine it my *Donuſa*?
Feele you no alteration? No new motiues?
No vnexpected ayds that may confirme you
In that to which you were inclinde before?

Donu. I am an other woman, till this minute
I neuer liu'de, nor durſt thinke how to dye.
How long haue I beene blinde? Yet on the ſuddaine,
By this bleſt meanes I feele the filmes of error
Tane from my ſoules eyes. O diuine *Phyſitian*,
That haſt beſtowde a ſight on mee, which death,
Though readie to embrace me in his armes,
Cannot take from me. Let me kiſſe the hand
That did this miracle, and ſeale my thanks
Vpon thoſe Lips from whence theſe ſweet words vaniſhde
That freede me from the cruelleſt of priſons,
Blinde ignorance, and miſbeliefe: falſe Prophet,
Impoſtor *Mahomet*.

Aſam. I'll heare no more;
You doe abuſe my fauors, ſeuer 'em:
Wretch if thou hadſt another life to looſe,
This Blaſphemie deſeru'de it, inſtantly
Carry them to their deaths.

We

Vitelli. Wee part now, bleſt one,
To meet hereafter in a Kingdome, where
Hells malice ſhall not reach vs.
Paul. Ha,ha,ha.
Aſam. What meanes my Miſtres?
Paul. Who can hold her ſpleene,
When ſuch rediculous follies are preſented,
The Scene too made religion: O my Lord,
How from one cauſe two contrary effects
Spring vp vpon the ſuddaine.
Aſam. This is ſtrange.
Paul. That which hath foolde her in her death,
Winns mee,
That hitherto haue barde my ſelfe from pleaſure,
To liue in all delight.
Aſam. There's Muſicke in this.
Paul. I now will runn as fiercely to your armes
As euer longing woman did, borne high
On the ſwift wings of appetite.
Vitel. O Diuell!
Paul. Nay more, for there ſhall be no ods betwixt vs,
I will turne Turke.
Gazet. Moſt of your tribe doe ſo
When they beginne in whore. *Aſide.*
Aſam. You are ſerious Ladie?
Paul. Serious: but ſatisfie me in a ſuite
That to the world may witneſſe that I haue
Some power vpon you, and to morrow challenge
What euer's in my guift, for I will bee
At your diſpoſe.
Gazet. That's euer the ſubſcription
To a damn'd whores falſe Epiſtle. *(Aſide*
Aſam. Aske this hand,
Or if thou wilt, the heads of theſe. I am rapt
Beyond my ſelfe with ioy, ſpeake, ſpeake, what is it?
Paul. But twelue ſhort houres repriue for this baſe couple.
Aſam. The reaſon, ſince you hate them?

Paul. That I may
Haue time to triumph ore this vvretched vvoman:
I'll be my ſelfe her guardian. I will feaſt,
Adorned in her choice and richeſt Iewells,
Commit him to vvhat gards you pleaſe. Grant this,
I am no more mine owne, but yours.
Aſam. Enioy it;
Repine at it who dares: beare him ſafe off
To the blacke Tower, but giue him all things vſefull,
The contrary vvas not in your requeſt.
Paul. I doe contemne him.
Donn. Peace in death deny'd me?
Paul. Thou ſhalt not goe in liberty to thy graue,
For one night a Sultana is my ſlaue.
Muſta. A terrible little tyranneſſe.
Aſam. No more;
Her vvill ſhall be a law. Till now nere happy. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus, Scæna quarta.

Enter Franciſ. Grimal. Maſt. Boteſw. and Sayl.

Grim. Sir, all things are in readineſſe, the Turkes
That ſeas'd vpon my Ship ſtow'd vnder hatches,
My men reſolu'd, and cheerefull. Vſe but meanes
To get out of the Ports, vve vvill be ready
To bring you aboard, and then (heauen be but pleas'd)
This for the Viceroyes fleete.
Fran. Diſcharge your parts,
In mine I'll not be vvanting; feare not *Maſter*,
Something vvill come along to fraught your Barke,
That you vvill haue iuſt cauſe to ſay you neuer
Made ſuch a Voyage.
Maſt. We will ſtand the hazard.
Fran. What's the beſt hower?

Boteſ.

Boteſ. After the ſecond vvatch.
Fran. Enough; each to his charge.
Grim. We will be carefull. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus, Scæna quinta.

Enter Paulina, Donuſa, Carazie, Manto.

Paul. Sit Madam, it is fit that I attend you;
And pardon, I beſeech you, my rude language,
To which the ſooner you will be inuited,
When you ſhall vnderſtand, no way was left me
To free you from a preſent execution,
But by my perſonating that, which neuer
My nature was acquainted with.
Donu. I beleeue you.
Paul. You will when you ſhall vnderſtand, I may
Receiue the honour to be knowen vnto you
By a neerer name. And not to wracke you further,
The man you pleaſe to fauour is my brother,
No Marchant, Madam, but a Gentleman
Of the beſt ranke in Venice.
Donu. I reioyce in't
But what's this to his freedome? for my ſelfe,
Were he well off, I were ſecure.
Paul. I haue
A preſent meanes, not plotted by my ſelfe,
But a religious man, my confeſſor,
That may preſerue all, if we had a ſeruant
Whoſe faith we might relie on.
Donu. She that's now
Your ſlaue was once mine, had I twenty liues
I durſt commit them to her truſt.
Manto. O Madam,

I haue beene falſe, forgiue me. I'll redeeme it
By any thing howeuer deſperate
You pleaſe to impoſe vpon me.
Paul. Troth theſe teares
I thinke cannot be counterfeit, I beleeue her,
And if you pleaſe vvill try her.
Donuſa. At your perill;
There is no further danger can looke towards me.
Paul. This only then, canſt thou vſe meanes to carry
This bakemeate to *Vitelli*?
Manto. With much eaſe;
I am familiar vvith the gard; beſide,
Being knowne it vvas I that betrayde him,
My entrance hardly vvill of them be queſtion'd?
Paul. About it then, ſay that it vvas ſent to him
From his *Donuſa*, bid him ſearch the midſt of't
He there ſhall finde a cordiall.
Manto, What I doe
Shall ſpeake my care and faith. *Exit Manto.*
Donu. Good fortune vvith thee.
Paul. You cannot eate.
Donu. The time vve thus abuſe
We might imploy much better.
Paul. I am glad
To heare this from you. As for you *Carazie*,
If your intents doe proſper, make choyce whither
You'l ſteale away with your two Miſtreſſes
Or take your fortune.
Cara. I'll be geld'ed twice firſt;
Hang him that ſtayes behind.
Paul. I waite you Madame,
Were but my brother off, by the command
Of the doting Viceroy there's no garde dare ſtay me.
And I will ſafely bring you to the place
Where we muſt expect him.
Donu. Heauen be gracious to vs. *Exeunt.*

Actus.

Actus Quintus, Scæna Sexta.

Enter Vitelli, Aga, and a Garde.

Vitel. *Paulina* to fall off thus? tis to mee
More terrible then death, and like an earthquake
Totters this walking building (such I am)
And in my suddaine ruine would preuent,
By choaking vp at once my vitall spirits,
This pompous preparation for my death.
But I am lost; that good man, good *Francisco*
Deliuered me a paper which till now,
I wanted leasure to peruse. *reads the paper.*
Aga. This Christian
Feares not, it seemes, the neere approching Sun
Whose second rise He neuer must salute. *Enter Manto.*
1. *Gard.* Who's that? *with the Bak't-meat.*
2. *Gard.* Stand.
Aga. *Manto.*
Manto. Heere's the Viceroyes ring
Giues warrant to my entrance, yet you may
Partake of any thing I shall deliuer;
Tis but a present to a dying man
Sent from the princesse that must suffer with him.
Aga. Vse your owne freedome.
Manto. I would not disturbe
This his last contemplation.
Vitel. O tis well!
He has restor'd all, and I at peace againe
With my *Paulina*.
Manto. Sir, the sad *Donusa*
Grieued for your sufferings, more then for her owne,
Knowing the long and tedious pilgrimage
You are to take, presents you with this cordiall,

Which priuately she wishes you should taste of,
And search the middle part, where you shall find
Something that hath the operation, to
Make death looke louely.

Vitelli. I will not dispute
What she commands but serue it. *Exit Vitelli.*

Aga. Prethee *Manto*
How hath the vnfortunate Princes spent this night
Vnder her proud new mistresse?

Manto. With such patience
As it orecomes the others insolence
Nay triumphs ore her pride. My much haste now
Commands me hence, but the sad Tragedy past,
Ile giue you satisfaction to the full
Of all hath pass'd, and a true character
Of the proud Christians nature. *Exit Manto.*

Aga. Breake the watch vp,
What should we feare in the midst of our owne strengths?
Tis but the Bashas iealousie. Farewell souldiers. *Exeunt.*

Actus quintus. Scæna Septima.

Enter Vitelli, With the bak't-meates, Above.

Vitelli. There's something more in this then meanes to cloy
A hungry appetite, which I must discouer.
Shee, will'd me search the midst. Thus, thus I pierce it:
Ha! what is this? a scrole bound vp in packthread?
What may the misterie be? *The Scrole.*

Sonne, let downe this packethread, at the West window of the Castle. By it you shall draw vp a Ladder of ropes, by which you may descend, your deerest *Donusa* with the rest of your friends, below attend you. Heauen prosper you. *Francisco.*

O best of men! he that giues vp himselfe

To a true religious friend, leanes not vpon
A falſe deceiuing reede, but boldly builds
Vpon a rocke, which now with ioy I finde
In reuerend *Franciſco*. Whoſe good vowes,
Labors, and watchings in my hopd-for freedome
Appeare a pious miracle. I come,
I come, good man, with confidence, though the deſcent
Were ſteepe as hell, I know I cannot ſlide
Beeing cal'd downe, by ſuch a faithfull guide. *Exit Vitelli.*

Actus. Quintus, Scæna Vltima.

Aſambèg, Muſtapha, Ianizaries.

Aſam Excuſe me *Muſtapha*, though this night to me
Appeare as tedious as that treble one
Was to the world, when *Ioue* on faire *Alcmena*
Begot *Alcides*. Were you to encounter
Thoſe rauiſhing pleaſures, which the ſlow pac'd howres
(To me they are ſuch) bar me from, you would
With your continued wiſhes ſtriue to impe
New feathers to the broken wings of Time
And chide the amorous Sun, for too long dalliance
In *Thetis* watry boſome.

Muſta. You are to violent
In your deſires, of which you are yet vncertaine
Hauing no more aſſurance to enioy 'em
Then a weake womans promiſe, on vvhich vviſe men
Faintely relye.

Aſam. Tuſh ſhe is made of truth
And vvhat ſhe ſays ſhe vvill doe, holds as firme *The*
As laws in braſſe that know no change; vvhat's this? *chamber*
Some new prize brought in ſure. Why are thy looks *ſhot off.*
So ghaſtly. Villaine ſpeake. *Enter Aga.*

Aga. Great ſir heare me.

Then

Then after kill me, vve are all betrayde,
The falſe *Grimaldi* iuncke in your diſgrace
With his confederates, haue ſeas'd his ſhip
And thoſe that garded it ſtow'd vnder hatches
With him the condemn'd Princeſſe, and the Marchant
That vvith a ladder made of ropes deſcended
From the blacke Tower in which he was inclos'd,
And your fayre miſtreſſe,

Aſam. Ha!

Aga. With all their trayne
And choyſeſt iewels are gone ſafe aboard,
Their ſayles ſpread forth and with a fore-gale
Leauing our coſt, in ſcorne of all purſuite
As a farewell they ſhew'd a broad ſide to vs.

Aſam. No more.

Muſta. Now note your confidence.

Aſam. No more.
O my credulity! I am too full
Of griefe, and rage to ſpeake. Dull, heauy foole
Worthy of all the tortures that the frowne
Of thy incenſed Maſter can throw on thee
Without one mans compaſſion, I will hide
This head among the deſarts, or ſome caue
Fil'd with my ſhame and me, where I alone
May dye without a partner in my mone.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

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